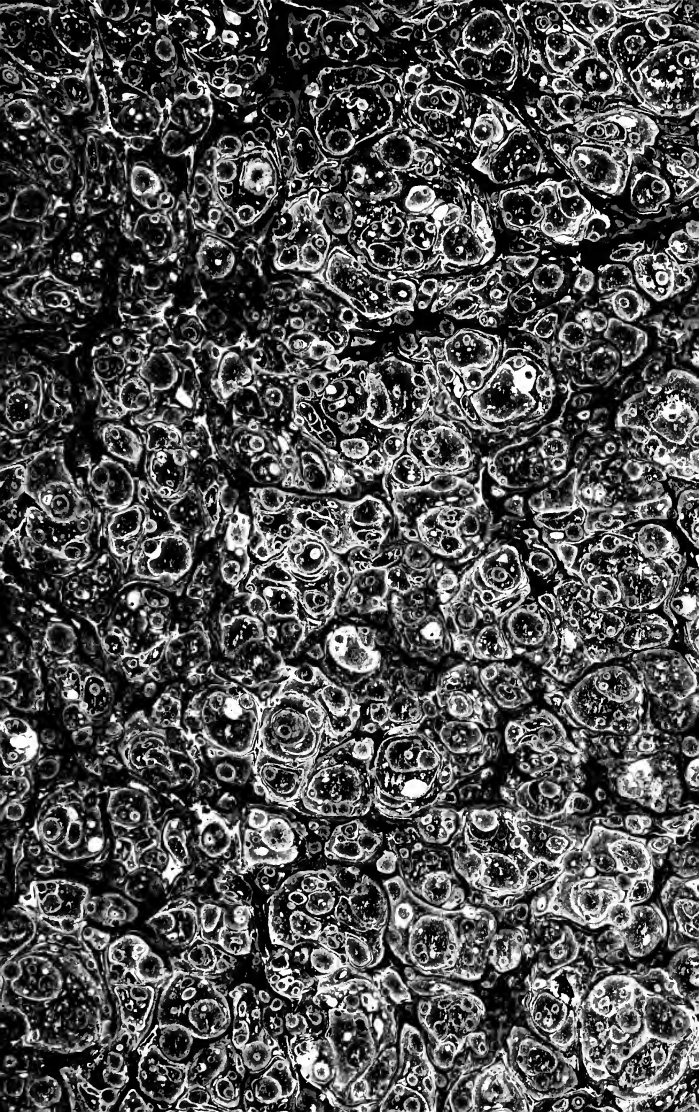




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ISN'T IT ODD?

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M.H.

ISN'T IT ODD?

BY MARMADUKE MERRYWHISTLE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

“ ——— Ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat?”—HORACE.

VOL. III.

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ISN'T IT ODD?



CHAPTER I.

MY readers will recollect a conversation that passed between Artherton and me, (after he had been with O'Rourke,) and I must now remark that, subsequent to it, he posted down, without loss of time to Terence's cottage; I need not observe—especially as he had come to his reversion, as his uncle did by his death, suddenly—that he carried down presents for the honest couple: he was so *grateful*—wasn't it odd? Their integrity, however, revolted from re-

ceiving the presents ; as they plainly perceived that more than gratitude was connected with them ; and Terence was not only shy of the presents, but of the conversation. Artherton felt a little chagrined that cottagers should hesitate about receiving *him*, “ the noble captain” as a son-in-law ; especially as he told them he had O'Rourke's permission to try his fortune ; and requested a candid answer to the inquiry, whether Kathleen's affections were engaged, or whether she was promised to another ; but Terence and Judy were inflexible in their silence upon such points: Terence said, “ her hand was at the disposal of her benefactor, and it would be misbecoming in him to say any thing on the subject, with every respect for the honour of them by Captain Artherton.” (I should observe he had been promoted to the rank of captain ; and we will, in accordance with custom, call him colonel, in future).

The presents returned with their purchaser from the cottage ; Terence had no notion of compromising consistency for interest ; and Artherton, although he was disappointed by his ill success with the pair, could not but honour their motives. From the cottage he proceeded to the residence of Mrs. James, for whom he had made it his business to procure choice flower-roots, and knick-knacks of one kind or another, as an excuse for visiting ; and, during several days that he was at the hotel in the town, he was a constant guest at Mrs. James's ; and had the felicity—and an exquisite felicity it was—of enjoying many a *tête-à-tête* with Kathleen—and had, or fancied he had, made some progress in her good graces ; and at last summoned up resolution to declare himself a candidate for her hand in form. She heard his declaration with sweetness, but did not give him that assurance he hoped for ; still she did

not repulse him so completely as to make him despair. He was still considered as an unexceptionable visiter, and had the honour of attending both Mrs. J. and Kathleen, occasionally, as their escort, while none other of the beaux of the place, who fluttered around them, were received with more than common politeness: yet, from the time of his declaration, Kathleen never would be alone with him—nor accept the most trifling present. While he was there, a parcel arriving from O'Rourke, with presents for both the ladies, among them happened to be one—a *necklace, ear-rings, and locket*—MARK—which O'Rourke said in his letter *I* had, as an old friend, entreated Kathleen's acceptance of; but that my *modesty* would not suffer me to put the question of acceptance myself. Now it unluckily happened that my *modesty* not being *impudent* enough to pry into other people's concerns,

knew nothing about it; and I had been scrupulous in not *appearing particular* to Kathleen, whatever I thought, through the fear of consequences: but O'Rourke, as I have proved to you, had *ways of his own* in bringing about his projects, and this was one; and when the old lady rallied me about the necklace, (when we met at the inn,) *she* seemed astonished, and Kathleen, (*I* thought) piqued, that I should treat the whole as a jest. Most unfortunately, Artherton was not only there when the circumstance was communicated to Kathleen, but Mrs. James, (perhaps in O'Rourke's secret, and wishing to open Artherton's eyes) communicated it aloud in his hearing. He reddened; Kathleen reddened—he had offered her a *similar present*; she had refused it: if, then, she accepted mine, in his presence, it was openly giving me the preference, and tacitly dismissing him: she took a middle course, and said, “ I cannot receive so

valuable a gift from *any* gentleman, however *esteemed*, without more time for consideration than my dear Mr. O'Rourke allows me." Artherton immediately concluded that I was as much implicated with O'Rourke in this affair as he had asserted; and conceived that he saw the real meaning of my reserve when speaking on the subject; so when he returned to town he called at Tunzey's, and learned that I was in the country, but not in what part of it. He returned to Mrs. James's two or three days after; and, having ascertained where the ladies were gone to, followed them, from gallantry, to escort them back—the rest my readers know.

Fubbs returned with the information that O'Rourke was at Skein's country residence, and would not be in town till next day; but that Mrs. O'Rourke and the other two ladies hoped to see me as early in the evening as possible to accompany them to the play: wasn't

it odd? No—perplexing. Artherton required an immediate answer, and I despatched the subjoined.

“ Sir,

“ I presume that you will require no further explanation of the situation to which you do me the honour to allude than, that it was perfectly consistent with the honour of,

“ Sir,

“ Your humble servant.

“ M. MERRYWHISTLE.

“ Colonel Artherton.”

Fubbs said, “ I shall take the answer myself, as, having more than once been the agent of our friend O'Rourke on account of Kathleen, as well as Caroline, I feel no little interest in all that concerns her, as well as yourself; so here goes; and I'll play you no trick now, my boy.”—*Exit Fubbs*—*Manet Marmaduke*, sulky as a bear, and beating

the devil's tattoo; while debating mentally whether he ought to go to the ladies, or wait the return of Fubbs. The latter seemed the most consistent; so I dressed in readiness to go when circumstances permitted; and, during that portion of the *tedium vitæ*, I turned over in my mind the events of the road. Fubbs's serious denial of any connexion with them staggered me; the coincidences appeared too consistent to be independent of particular agency; but who, then, could the agents be, and what their motives? Violetta was beyond my reach; but had she been within it could I, as circumstances stood, marry her? "In London," said I—no, I was too splenetic to say any thing. Fubbs came back; Colonel Artherton was not at home—so he left the letter. We went together to O'Rourke's, and escorted the ladies to the theatre—who were Mrs. O'Rourke, Mrs. James, Mrs. Welford,

and Kathleen. Fubbs took charge of the two elder ladies, by their desire ; and I of the younger.

On our entering the box, the first person I saw was *Goldworthy*, who immediately, *sans ceremonie*, joined us, and entered freely into conversation with the ladies and Fubbs ; but was rather *polite* than civil to me. “ In London,” (said I, in my description) “ people are civil without being polite, and polite without being civil—politeness being combined with ceremony, and civility with sincerity ; the latter coming from the heart, the former from the head. ‘ Mrs. Floss is extremely proud of the honour done her by Mrs. Fudge ;’ when the *honour* is mere *fudge*, and the *pride* mere *floss* : now there’s no more *substance* in *floss* than *civility* in *fudge*. ‘ Mr. Wiggins’s compliments to Mr. Wagstaff, and begs he will do him the favour to settle his little account, as it has been so *long outstanding*.’ Now,

here is politeness in the *compliments*, with sincerity in the request, but not much civility in the concluding observation, though no doubt much sincerity ; but this is only a variety of the species."

"Hope I have the honour to see Mr. Merrywhistle well?" said Goldworthy. Now, it was clear, from the black look he gave me when he observed Kathleen was with me, that he would have been better pleased if I had been confined at home by a sprained ankle, a locked jaw, a raging fever, or any other trifling occasion of detention ; and that the *honour to see me* he'd have thought "more honoured in the breach than the observance ;" for he too had heard I was a favoured rival—and now I thought him a coxcomb again. He contrived to plant himself close by Kathleen, who was civil enough, but certainly not very polite—he whispered (loud enough for Kathleen to hear) to Mrs. O'Rourke, to "tell her husband, that he wanted him to make a

very large purchase in the funds for him in a few days, and would call on him for that purpose." But Kathleen muttered something about "People talking so loud, nobody could attend to the play," which, though perfectly fashionable is not *quite comme il faut*.

Colonel Artherton came into the box: a polite bow was exchanged between him and me; I whispered, "I answered your note, Sir;" he bowed *politely* again; and then addressed Mrs. James and Kathleen, with the friendly familiarity in which they had encouraged him: while Goldworthy, who attempted the same familiarity, eyed him as a man eyes a large gap in his road; and Artherton *eyed* him (for he happened to know him as a man of reputed wealth) as the very rival I had hinted at—but they were excessively *polite* to each other; begging each other's pardons for the most trifling—nothings: evincing *Floss* and *Fudge*, and *o-h!* and *Fi-ne!*

till I saw, *in fine*, that it would become too *exquisite* to bear; and so it proved—each appeared anxious to discover a loop-hole, through which to get out of *politeness* into mere *civility*, that they might express themselves with *sincerity*—and whether they thought with the *Marquess de Grand Château*, “*No man of honour can really love a lady without wishing a successful rival at the devil*”—each thinking the other a successful rival—I do not know: but *I* thought they at least seemed as if determined to shew each other they did think so. A song in the farce was partially encored, and, the *house dividing*, I could plainly see Goldworthy and Artherton seized that moment to “let slip the dogs of war,” one hissing and the other applauding with all their force: a few civil remarks to each other succeeded, which soon introduced the negative particle *un*, to the adjective *civil*, and those parts of speech became one and indivisible immediately.

Kathleen gave Artherton a look, which seemed to say, "Be quiet, pray do;" to Goldworthy she gave none; but muttered something about "*troublesome*," which he heard. Artherton and he exchanged *looks*—they understood each other, I suppose—and Goldworthy moved next to Mrs. Welford; wasn't it odd? I had observed that Caroline had appeared as if scrupulously avoiding to look towards Goldworthy; she seemed discontented at his seating himself by her, and extremely uneasy at the officious attention he paid to the inexpressible *delight* of—WELFORD, who happened to *pop his nose* in, two boxes off, in search of his wife (who, he had learned, had accompanied us to the play). I thought "*All in the Wrong*," the play of the night, must have been selected expressly for us by the demon of mischief. I beckoned Welford; he affected not to see me: Caroline saw him, and begged me to fetch him in, which I did.

Dogged he seemed, and it was my business to make him docile ; but he did not seem so inclined ; was *polite* to his wife, but I'm sure not *civil*. I saw she sat on thorns ; while he seemed to sit on a red-hot gridiron. I gave him a look, she gave him another—he supported both like a stoic.

The stoics, *very* young reader, were *automata*, from whom lingual, labial, dental, and guttural sounds (something like speech) were produced ; but you may imagine what affected and ludicrous sounds they were : they were called men, but their composition proved they had neither *nerves* nor *hearts* ; feeling was, of course, out of the question ; and whenever *feeling* is absent, the figure before you can be no other than an automaton.—Welford, at that time, was an automaton ; had all the vacancy of their eyes ; the monosyllabical motion of their tongues ; the stiff and unaccommodating twist of their manner ; and

the very *pedantic perpendicularity* of their gait. "How do you do, Mr. Welford?" said Goldworthy, pleasantly enough.—"Your *servant*, sir," said Welford, petrifyingly enough. Goldworthy stared; Welford looked—*so* appalling that his wife complained of a violent head-ach, and begged to be taken home—which—(*I* making her excuses to the company)—she was—that *Marplot*, Goldworthy, saying to her, as civilities were passed at parting, "O, Mrs. Welford, let me remind you that you never fulfilled your promise, made to me at the cottage, of writing out that beautiful little song for me."—"Come along," said Welford—like a Sir John Brute—and out they went. I shook my head at him; she saw it, and stifled a sigh; he wouldn't see it, and suppressed a groan. Now, in the name of wonder, did some demon put this last speech in Goldworthy's mouth?—I never knew he had been at the cottage.—"He sees," thought I,

“ that the fellow is jealous, and, in pure spite, is determined to torment him ; I’ll talk with him ;” but he nodded, and slipped out. The play over, some embarrassment took place as to how we should depart ; when Kathleen, to obviate it, said, “ My dear Mr. Fubbs, you are the best gallant among them, so you shall beau me. “ Bless you,” thought I ; and I thought I caught the glimpse of a face like Violetta’s a few boxes off ; the eyes fixed upon me. Did you ever jar the bone of your elbow ? My heart had an elbow just then—though it had been long out of elbows—it was jarred—the nymph vanished. I walked home with Mrs. O’Rourke, Artherton squiring Mrs. James. I parted with them at the door, in spite of their entreaties. What became of Artherton I did not stay to see ; but hurried to Welford’s, learned that Mrs. Welford had gone to bed very unwell ; and that Mr. Welford had gone out again—

wasn't it odd? I went home, and found a small packet had been left for me. I broke the seal, and found in it the purse I had given the sailor, and in that an artificial shamrock, and a slip of paper, inscribed (in a hand I was unacquainted with)

One has wither'd ; t' other's green.

It was odd? "There's more in this than meets the eye," said I—"the morning star is *not* set:" and I actually put on my hat, and sallied forth to the theatre, forgetting in my delirium of tantalization, that the theatre must have been emptied an hour before. It was providential, however, that I did; for, turning through an alley, I heard the cry of murder; and, having Fubbs's walking-stick with me, which was *rather* of the *em bon point* character—

"In London (said I, &c.) people lard their conversation with French phrases, generally as *appropriately* applied as a

good lady's politeness was; who had a pretty box in the country, as they call it *here*—that is—a stone's throw from the *stone's end*. “My dear sir,” said the lady, “I'll send you some nice young radishes out of my own garden to-morrow morning.” “Why, ma,” said her conscientious child *aside to her*), “we had the last for dinner to-day,”—(*aside to him*,) “Oh! be quiet, child, I'll buy some and send him.” The French and the radishes are cater cousins; both are substitutes, or proxies—“a man's proxy's himself in another shape,” said Terence. Having Fubbs's *switch*, as he called it, with me, I put two desperate, cowardly fellows—all murderers are cowards, and only cowards grow desperate—*hors de combat*; that is, out of the alley, and into the watch-house; and just in time to save the life of a poor wounded wretch; whose removal to a public-house I procured through the “especial grace” of

his gracious majesty's picture, and the next day to the hospital; where I will leave him at present, in very good hands, and return to my own peculiar matters—yet, was not that my own peculiar matter? Whatever our neighbour's *joys* may be, depend upon it his *sorrows* are more our concern than we *generally* imagine. I slept sound *that* night. In the morning I received a note from Artherton.

“Colonel Artherton's compliments to Mr. Merrywhistle, and begs the honour of half an hour's conversation with him, wherever he may appoint.”

“Civil,” said I—and wrote :

“Mr. Merrywhistle's compliments to Colonel Artherton, and will have the honour of meeting him at —— tavern, in an hour hence.”

I left word at home where I was gone in case of accidents. We met—

“When Greek meets Greek, then comes——”

Very little *good* English, I dare say—
but

When Briton meets Briton—then comes——

not *always* a great deal more—but, may be, a bet—may be a boxing match—may be a rump and dozen—but, in general, right meaning, if a little wrongheadedness.

We met (in a private room,) like the first meeting of Parliament, without a *Speaker*; for we merely bowed *civilly*—then came the usual introductory *hems*! and short coughs; and cravat adjustings, and nose-blowings, and rubbing little *imaginary* motes out of the corners of the eyes, &c. &c., which prelusive evasions indicate *something to be done*, but an indecision about the *way to do it*—nor did it seem that we were to do it, for, at the very commencement of Artherton's *opening the debate*, the door opened, and in walked *Fubbs*, followed

by O'Rourke, who interrupted the honourable member with—"Gentlemen, he that's determined to fight must fight me, and the other shall be his second; Fubbs mine. Port and pistols directly, waiter,"—and down he sat, then proceeded:—"My friend Fubbs has let me into a secret in which I am concerned; Kathleen's an Irish girl, to be sure, but, like all sensible *Irishmen*, she likes no more fighting than what keeps the peace; Mr. Merrywhistle's enemy is no friend of hers, [Artherton bit his lips,] and Colonel Artherton's friend she would not look upon as an enemy; [Artherton withdrew his teeth,] these may be secrets worth knowing; but, as secrets told are secrets no longer, the *sooner* we keep them to ourselves the better. Mr. Merrywhistle, Colonel Artherton, is intrusted with a secret of mine, and, depend upon it, you'd not shoot it out of him, if you kilt him in the doing it: *my* secret's my own, and

I mean to keep it, and also the peace, if I fight, myself, for it ; and as for the rest—fair play's a jewel—Kathleen must choose for herself, and she'll think the better of you both if you shake hands; for, if you fight, she has made up her mind not to marry the survivor for one reason, nor the dead man for another. Nor shall my Katty—(Artherton stared) that is, Terence's Katty, with *my* liking, marry any man who *persists* in wringing my secrets out of another man's bosom, with the but-end of a bullet—and, now, I've put the wrong saddle on the right horse, as Terence says, I hope, as *gentlemen*, (impressively) you'll both ride asey."

Colonel Artherton rose, and offered me his hand, with the noble frankness of a soldier of honour—I received it with the cordiality of friendship ; and O'Rourke said, "I honour you both—of you, Colonel Artherton, I've heard much, since I saw you, from a friend of

mine, that does you more honour than even your commission ; and a British commission's a point of honour not to be trifled with—that gentleman has acted more honourably by you than you'll ever know, and I'm sure you're a man very capable of returning a compliment." *My* DEAR *Marmaduke*, and *my dear Artherton*, followed of course ; and the honest Fubbs rubbed his hands, just as my father did when I was born. O'Rourke and Fubbs went into the city together ; and Artherton and I trudged off arm-in-arm—that can't be odd.—“ Pray,” said I, “ how did you settle your misunderstanding (*brouillerie* I should have said, to have been fashionable, but, though French words may be all very well in displays of English *politesse*, I think for English quarrels the vernacular tongue is *good* enough). “ Your misunderstanding with Goldworthy ? ” “ I had not heard from him when I came out,” said he. “ If you will dine with

me to day (said I,) we will talk further both of him, and *another* person any thing about whom concerns *you* nearly indeed." He was surprised at my earnestness, and replied "*Me*, and not *you*?" and yet I think you mean Kathleen." "I do—good-bye till dinner;" and I parted from him, abruptly.

CHAP. II.



ON reaching home I found that Mr. and Mrs. Tunzey had arrived in town ; Caroline was with them, and *in tears*. Welford, the night before, had been sullen all the way from the theatre to their house ; went out, after he had seen her safe, and had not returned when she left home to fly to her parents, (of whose coming she had previously been apprized,) to impart to them her sorrows, and receive from them comfort and direction.

I was thunderstruck ; Tunzey said, “ I’ll find the fellow out, and he *shall* do you justice, or—*ha—a—a—h!*”—

with a discordant tone—and he was going—“ Let *me* go, sir,” said I, and, without waiting for an answer, I went.

Welford was not at home; I returned, and a note was put into my hand by my clerk; I flew to —— hotel, and saw Welford — in bed! — his visage was ghastly, and a bandage, tinged with blood, told me the rest. He had gone in search of Goldworthy when he left the house the night before, found him; challenged him; slept at the hotel; fought in the morning early, and was carried back there, severely wounded! “ O, the devil take jealousy,” thought I, “ and may he who mischievously *pokes his nose* into other people’s comforts have it wrung off, for his pains.” “ My dear Welford,” said I, “ this, this is heart-breaking; I see through it all—Goldworthy?” he moved his head affirmatively, “ O, that you had made me your confidant last night;” and I ex-

plained to him why Goldworthy was seated by Caroline at the theatre: the doctor came in, and said, " His life depends upon his silence and being kept quiet to day, and nurse (calling her in,) do not suffer a creature to come near him ;" he then took me by the arm, saying, " as soon as it is safe to talk with him you shall know," and we walked down stairs. I immediately flew to Goldworthy's house ; he was at home, and admitted me. " This has been an unfortunate affair, sir," said I. " Yes, sir," said he, " and I keep in the way to abide the consequences as a man should do ; have you seen him?"— " Yes?"—" How is he?"—" Very bad ; but I hope his case is not desperate."—" I hope not (emphatically,) for all our sakes," said Goldworthy. " *I* acted like a fool at the theatre, and he like a weak man afterwards ; but that infernal song ! there I was censurable, sir ; but I had drank, and you know what wine

does with a man." "I do, sir, and now will you honour me with answers to a few questions, for the sake of him, his wife, their families, and—*yourself*; as your character is implicated with his miseries?" "I'll answer any thing, sir," a gentleman ought," said he. Our conversation eventually procured me this information: Goldworthy had, while rambling the country one day, passed the cottage where Caroline was; the casement being open, he looked in, and, to his great surprise, saw Caroline sitting with a child in her lap, and O'Rourke seated by them; they saw that Goldworthy observed them, and O'Rourke (who was always prompt and decisive in his operations,) asked him in, while Caroline withdrew; then O'Rourke, from necessity, told him that she had been secretly married to Welford before Goldworthy made his proposals; and, that the fear of never obtaining pardon of her parents, by an

abrupt disclosure in answer to their request that she would marry Goldworthy, occasioned the elopement, which O'Rourke told him he had planned; certain, that by a judicious temporizing, he should by degrees effect a reconciliation. Secrecy was imposed upon Goldworthy and he observed it sacredly. He offered to join O'Rourke in all expenses, and to lend his assistance; but O'Rourke declined the offer with proper acknowledgment; Goldworthy had never been into the cottage from that day; and Caroline had kept closer than ever in consequence of his having been there at all. "And, in regard to the song, it was simply thus, sir," said he. I remarked that I had heard *her*, I presumed, when I had passed the cottage, sing a very beautiful air, new to me; but, as I never had heard her sing before, the voice impressed me with no notion who she was. I requested as a

great favour that she would, through Mr. O'Rourke, give me the words and music of the song ; as I strum and sing a little ; she promised she would, but seemed confused ; and, I, feeling there was an impropriety in her giving me any thing, never mentioned it to O'Rourke afterwards ; and never received the song, I assure you. I could not have chosen a worse observation to make in the hearing of a man, whom I saw was something like jealous, nor a worse moment to make it in ; but, like an inebriated fool, I thought it would tease him a little ; and, like all fools, never thought of consequences. When he called on me, I would have explained, but he would listen to nothing ; he was like a madman ; so we met ; on the ground I was piqued by his haughtiness, so we fired : I explained to him when all was over ; when I think he believed me ; but the mis-

chief is done: and now any thing in my power to repair the injury my thoughtlessness did I shall be eager now and at all times to perform."

I told him that I would undertake the task of seeing every thing done for the accommodation of all parties if I could; and advised him to secrete himself till the danger was over, which I hoped would be soon—alas! I feared more than hoped—I prevailed upon him to go, though he seemed at first determined to stop; he gave me his address, and we parted.

I returned to Tunzey with the melancholy intelligence, and he immediately told Mrs. Welford that I had seen her husband; that he felt the injustice he had done her, but wished she would suffer him to compose his mind for a day or two before they met; and he (Tunzey) proposed that she should go with her mother into the country—and he thought he had managed the matter very cleverly—

but women have not such dull, thick heads as we have, and she replied, "Where he is, there will I be; if my presence cannot compose his mind, I am certain my absence will not; he is ill, I am sure he is—perhaps worse than ill;" and she fixed her eyes, full of tears, upon me, with such a piteous look of inquiry, that my looks, inadvertently, answered her question in such a manner that, catching up her bonnet and scarf, she was flying out of the room, when I stopped her,—“ You *must not* go now.”—“ I must go,” she said, and, springing past me, she was down stairs, and out of the door in an instant, and my confusion giving her the start of me, she was at her own house, (the distance was not *very* great, to be sure,) before me. I arrested her at her own door, walked into the parlour with her, and entreated her to hear me a moment. “ I must go up to him instantly—” she said. “ He is not here,” said I.—“ Where then,”

she, (trembling.) “*Safe,*” I said, “and orders were given that he should not be seen till the next day. “In the name of Heaven,” she exclaimed, “tell me all,” and burst into a flood of tears. “Thank God,” thought I, “now she will bear to hear it better.” In short, as adroitly as I could, I broke every thing to her; and her mother having followed her I left them together; hurrying home to comfort Tunzey, and await the coming of Artherton. Tunzey was gone when I got home, and soon after Artherton came in.

I heretofore remarked that Welford and Caroline were premature in imagining all before them was repose; but I hoped the event of the duel, and its consequences, if he survived it, would put a termination to his unfortunate prejudice, in regard to Goldworthy; and that having his eyes opened by *terrible* means would destroy every disposition in him to err so fatally again. At dinner I related

to Artherton what I had witnessed in the morning which, from moralizing on jealousy, led me to moralize on love, and its effects, when not controlled by reason—as we generally say—but reason never could control love, nor any passion; it may act as the nursery-maid does with some *little darling*, as “*cross as bewitched*,”—(it was nurse Sheepshanks’s phrase; and I have a great veneration for her phrases)—“as cross as bewitched,—she may hold it by one hand, while it is walking in the road, but she can’t prevent it tugging to get away from her, and forming Hogarth’s line of beauty, with a *little variation*, in an *exactly* contrary direction from her own perpendicular position; with its head half down to the ground, and its *sweet little cherub* face looking *little deaths and daggers*; or *harnets and wapses*, as nurse used to say; while its *pretty prattling* tongue is tuned eight octaves above concert pitch, and set in

the key of X, the *crossed* letter in the alphabet, with a dozen sharps ;



She may prevent it throwing itself under cart wheels; but she can't always prevent its tripping, and filling its pretty eyes and mouth with dust, and making its little nose bleed—and then the face it makes when it gets up again—that peculiarly whimsical face, which is the preparation

to a *full roar*. And then again, though she teach it ever so assiduously to walk, holding it always by *one hand*—*never* to save herself trouble in carrying it; but only to make it walk sooner and stronger.—She *can't*, or *don't*, *always* prevent the line of beauty forming itself on the *outside* of the leg so well as on the calf; so that the *pair* form a pretty parenthesis, without an internal reason thus

() —

So it is with love and reason: reason is a right-down nursery-maid, and love one of the most whimsical nurslings in nature. Reason can only counsel passion; and passion wants to be controlled.

“Can love be controlled by advice?”

Can a generous steed be reined by a packthread?—there *are* steeds.—Fubbs had a steed once; you might have reined it with a *raveling*; for it was mortally averse not only to the *perpetual* motion, but to any motion whatever

—to be sure it was an *ancient*, and that was the reason, he said, why it so pertinaciously kept its ground. There is but *one* controller of passion, which is the controller of reason itself; and it were superfluous to say what that is.—“*Did you and Artherton moralize all day?*” No—we analyzed—or, as Tunzey would say, “Got to the *marrow* of things—*Ha-ah!*” “Pray,” said Artherton, “what could you possibly mean by intimating that Kathleen concerned only me? there is a secret into which I must not inquire; but, clearly, you appear to be the very man I am justified in considering as a rival, though an honourable one; you evince for Kathleen something infinitely beyond the friendship that long acquaintance creates, and have such auxiliaries as I must despair of; yet, do you mean to abandon the field to me?—if you don’t, what the ——” What could he have been going to say?—“What, the *hmph* to be sure,” says Miss Nickit, (dying to

say the *real* word;) “and you put a *dash* to cheat the *hmph*.” And, my dear Miss, *you* are *hmphing* as hard as you can. *Dashes* were introduced in *such* cases by *politeness*, that *delicacy* might not be shocked; and eagerly adopted by *prudery* to obviate the charge of *ignorance*, and enable her to express *all* she *thought*; though at the expense of any body’s blushes, but her own. “In London, (wrote I in my description,) cheating the *hmph*, or (as it is vulgarly called, cheating the devil,) is practised in a variety of ways. Among others, one *kisses his thumb* instead of the *book*, when he *fudges* an oath; another talks of *honesty* while he *dusts the pepper*; a third goes to church with thirty per cent. *interest* in his purse; and a fourth *trumpets* over his “charity farthings,” with his neighbour’s dinner in his pocket: it won’t do; there’s no *fighting the old soldier* with such an *ancient* veteran as the *hmph*—and *cunning* people

should keep in mind that if they *should* happen to cheat *him*, there's a Being whom they *cannot* deceive."

Innocent reader—you will occasionally meet *dashes* in books, as well as hear naughty words in company—to the latter don't listen, on the former don't dwell; and read Artherton's — in the most innocent way—" *what the dickens*," for I have too great a regard for Artherton to let the world suppose that he made use of *vulgarisms* and *vice-isms*, (its Fubb's word, coined over some rum toddy,) though they *are* genteel, and fashionable, and spirited, and *spunky*; only I put down his own words, as a faithful biographer should, to correct the same habit in any other young gentleman, through his seeing how silly it looks upon paper, and considering how much more silly it must sound.

"What the devil *do* you mean?" said he. "Why," said I, "to say I am insensible of Kathleen's attractions, being

neither a stock nor a stone, would be nonsense; but I have never told her more of what it is possible I may feel, than friendship, without love, would warrant."

"Did you not," rejoined he, "send her a present similar to that which I carried to the cottage for her?" "No, I did not." He then mentioned the circumstance of O'Rourke's present sent in my name. "I had nothing to do with it," said I, "directly, or indirectly." "I thought," returned he, "you knew of it, when I recollected how earnestly you inquired, *whether when I offered mine she accepted it.*" "There it is," replied I; "reasoning of that kind produced poor Welford's, perhaps, *death-wound.*" "I perceive then," said he, "by O'Rourke's interference in that case, as well as from other observations I have made; that O'Rourke is anxious you should have her; and if your anxiety accord with his—" "I am likely," interrupted I, "to become a successful

rival, you mean? but, listen—and I related to him every thing respecting Violetta, up to the incident of the purse and the shamrock—“Now judge;” continued I; “had I never known Violetta I should certainly have addressed Kathleen long since; but till I am satisfied that Violetta is married, or false, or degraded, I should not be justified in addressing any woman, even if my *first-love* had decayed; I suspect she is in London; if I meet her, and she cannot justify herself, then ——” He interrupted me—“You will be free to address Kathleen, you mean?”

My answer implied that “every circumstance relative to me, as regarding Kathleen was now so delicately critical that, were Violetta, of whom I had no hope, out of the question, I could not feel justified in addressing Kathleen, while he had any claim, nor would I.”—He declared he would not be outdone in generosity, but would proceed

no farther about Kathleen till he had obtained some clue to Violetta, which should produce satisfaction to me, of either her innocence or guilt; after which, he observed, I, as well as himself, could act with decision, without either of us compromising his honour.

CHAP. III.



As I could not obtain admission to Welford till the next day, I went, after Artherton left me, to the hospital. The man's wounds were more alarming in appearance than in reality, and he was to be discharged in a day or two. His name was William Royer, he was a gentleman's servant out of place; and, as there was something in his manner which prepossessed me, I thought of giving him some employ, if he could produce testimonials of character. He produced a certificate from—*Sir Lionel Lovell*—isn't it odd? it was dated about two months previous to the time the

Baronet left the country; but it had not availed him; he had been in great distress, but he “thanked God he had kept himself honest:” having, in a public-house, received an old debt of two pounds from a man he accidentally met, who had received prize-money, the men who had wounded him, had followed him out of the house, and attacked him as I before related. As he had lived with Sir Lionel, I was the more induced to engage him, as a medium through which I might obtain some satisfactory intelligence relative to Violetta; so, giving him some money, to provide himself with necessaries, I directed him to call on me when he was discharged and had altered his appearance: giving him my card, I observed he slightly coloured upon reading it; I appeared not to notice it, but treasured it for observation at a future period.

The next day, I hurried to Welford,

and, to my inexpressible joy, saw him. "Thank Providence, sir," said the doctor, "all danger is over; and to-morrow, or the next day, he may be removed; to-day he must not be agitated; to-morrow you may communicate together; he will have sufficient strength after the composing and invigorating course he will go through to-day." Welford attempted to converse about Caroline, but the doctor took me abruptly out of the room, saying, as we departed, "*To-morrow:*" but I gave Welford a look, which said, "*All's well there;*" and his brightening countenance told me what to say to Caroline when I saw her. I soon joined the ladies, and made them happy with the expectation of so soon seeing him; told Caroline how *penitent he was*, and that all he seemed to suffer, comparatively, *was absence from her*. She was as delighted as she could be, taking all things into consideration, and entreated I would not

fail being with him as early, as often, and as long, as I could the next day. I told her I had seen Goldworthy, (to whom I wrote,) that his conduct had been so manly since the affair, that his communications would be balm to their mutual wounds; and that this event, lamentable as it had threatened to be, would, by restoring Robert completely to his reason, prove eventually a blessing to them both. I kissed the boy, danced about the room with him; made him laugh with my monkey tricks; made Mrs. Tunzey laugh; and at last made Caroline laugh. "And now," thinks I, "is my time to go, before sadness can return to produce fresh colloquies of misery:" so I made my congee, and, meeting Fubbs upon my road, proposed to go over to his house, dine, and pass the evening with him, to recruit my spirits with tricks and rum-toddy. Fubbs said he had some business to finish before he could

return home, but, if I would go on, he would soon be there after me: and, *as I supposed*, he turned down another street; when *I* determined upon a trick, and seeing a masquerade shop opposite, slipped into it to purchase a dress; little imagining that Fubbs saw me through a shop-window nearly opposite. I hired a thin calico shroud-like dress, a skeleton's mask, and a white shroud cap. I put the mask in my inside pocket, and folding the dress up in a small compass, easily disposed of it under my waistcoat. I bought some phosphorus at a chemist's, and went over to Fubbs's. He, as I discovered afterwards, seeing me go into the masquerade warehouse, knew something mischievous was brewing; and watching me till I had got too far to detect him, went to the shop, inquired what dress I had hired, and procured one of a different nature; which is

all that is necessary to tell my readers at present.

When he joined me he expressed much pleasure at the idea of our passing the day together; and leaving the school to the direction of his *head* usher, he abandoned his magisterial chair for the day. We sat down to a good dinner; I inwardly chuckling with anticipation of the sport I should have; and he looking "*conscious innocence*," incapable of any thing like playing a trick—"Playing tricks?—bah!"—Indeed, reader, I agree with you, that playing tricks is ridiculous; often mischievous; always beneath a man, and indefensible after *half-holiday* age, however, as my apology, I played mine off, intentionally only on Fubbs, who was my inveterate adversary in this *innocent* amusement, and from the effusions of whose *jack-pudding* genius, nobody, with whom he might take liberties, was free; and

then *my* tricks, like all follies, brought with them their own punishment. After dinner, I pushed the toddy about, to put Fubbs into a state sufficiently confused to favour my operations. He seemed to swallow the *bait*, as well as the toddy; and eventually fell fast asleep on his chair, quite overpowered with drinking, and laughing. It was a dark night, and in complete congeniality with my intentions. Assured of his being asleep, I was determined not to miss the opportunity; so putting out the lights, I slipped out my dress, put it on, rubbing the phosphoric matter over the mask; and when (by the light of which,) I saw myself in the glass, I half recoiled from my own reflection, it was so hideous; then standing opposite to Fubbs, I pronounced, in a sepulchral "*scrannel*" tone—"Erasmus! Erasmus! your time is come!"—he stirred, but did not wake. I repeated the call, till he did wake; when he

gave a hideous roar, and emptied a large jug of water (which stood on the table,) completely over me; which unexpected salute occasioning me to start, I saw in one corner of the dark room an exact representation of *Old Nick*, as he is drawn; with saucer eyes, and fire coming from his mouth—it was too much for my nerves—I was so completely taken by surprise, I dashed open the casement, and was in the road in an instant; and running, in my confusion, fancying my terrific foe at my heels, I heard others scampering and screaming in all directions, terrified at me, till the whole place was in an uproar: “A ghost! a ghost!” was reiterated around me; a gun was fired at me, but, thanks to Providence, it missed me; and I ran to reach some spot where I could conceal myself, get off my dress, and escape; for I feared to stop in sight to do it, lest I should be caught; so leaping a low wall, I found

myself in the church-yard, where I was instantly seized by two stout men, (who had sense enough not to be of the same opinion with the multitude, and who had ran a cross way to intercept me,) who, saying, in the words of a popular humourist: "*What do you do out of your grave at this time of night,*" actually laid the ghost in a newly dug grave, and began shovelling the earth on me; when, almost breathless, I was obliged to cry for mercy, and offer them five pounds to let me escape and cover my retreat. This had the effect; they pulled me out, and slipped off my dress, (for I could not do it myself, I was so exhausted,) before any other persons came up, and directed me into a large road; but not knowing exactly where I was, and trying to find my way back to Fubbs's, I was stopped by two footpads, who took my watch, and the remainder of my money, about six or seven pounds: they did not offer me

the least injury, but civilly directed me into the main road, from whence I found my way back to Fubbs's; who, with his ushers, had gone in pursuit of me. He came back about half an hour afterwards, alone, without hat or wig, both of which he had lost in the dark; or his purse, which he had surrendered in the same lane, and to the same persons, by whom I was lightened of mine. We were neither the better for our adventure; and both foreswore tricks from that hour. I need scarcely remark, that Fubbs shammed sleep to deceive me; and that his usher, being in the secret, played one of the *principal* characters in the farce of "Trick upon Trick."

I was too much flurried to return home that night; and Fubbs sent a messenger to town to say that I should sleep at his house. When the ushers came in, they gave a ludicrous account of the terror I had excited; and that the

report was (spread by the two men whom nobody knew, and who soon went about their own business, keeping their own secret,) that the ghost jumped into the grave, which was open, and disappeared through the bottom of it: while the accounts in the papers the next day were as wonderful, and as true, as most diurnal extra-communications are. I thought it wise to take a composing draught that night, and fortunately, waked in the morning well enough to eat a hearty breakfast, and walk to town to see Welford, several pounds *out* of pocket, and much profitable experience *in*. As I had left the value of the dress at the masquerade shop, I never called there, lest they should obtain any clue to who I was; Fubbs, for the same reason, never sent back his; and we were both infinitely amused for *nine days*, with the accounts we heard of the *wonder*—isn't it odd?

I proceeded to Welford without going

home, and found him well enough to be removed to his own house that evening. I acquainted him with all Goldworthy had said, and represented to him, delicately, the impropriety of his conduct to Caroline; but danger, and the approach of death, had opened his eyes, and he saw his conduct in in so reprehensible a light that he said, it was impossible he should ever repeat it; and entreated me to let him see Caroline without loss of time. I consulted the doctor, who having given his permission, I went to Caroline, and returned with her and Mrs. Tunzey; and our time in proceeding there, was employed by her mother and me in convincing her of the danger which might result to him from her giving way too much to her feelings, when they met. She promised the most implicit obedience to our *commands*, being *perfectly convinced* of their propriety; and conducted herself

with the most philosophic calmness, till—she was in Welford's arms, which was the instant she entered the room; tears and sobs followed—nature *will* prevail—and so, promising to superintend the whole business of his removal in the evening, I left them and Mrs. T. together—delicate and affectionate reconciliations being ever too sacred to require witnesses.

CHAP. IV.



ON my way home I met Mrs. James, and Kathleen ; the former of whom chid me for a truant, and the latter, I thought by her reserve, was more than angry ; but my account of Welford's danger, proved a sufficient apology ; and as they appeared to think I had been a close attendant upon *him*, I did not think it prudent to undeceive them. O'Rourke had sat for a miniature to please Kathleen, and Mrs. James and Kathleen were, when I met them, going to a jeweller, to whom they had been recommended, to have it set ; and at their request I accompanied them.

Arrived at the shop, Mrs. James requested to see some specimens of *settings*, to direct their choice of one. The lady of the shop produced several miniatures in rich settings; and, as we were looking over them, I was *panic-struck* with one in a very plain frame, the exact counterpart of *Violetta*—wasn't it odd? "What a very beautiful face this is," said Kathleen to Mrs. James, who coincided with her in opinion; the lady of the shop looked at it, and confirmed that opinion—and if any three ladies will spontaneously allow any *one* lady to be really beautiful, it *must* be decisive. "But," said the shop lady, "I don't know how this miniature came here; I don't remember seeing it before."—Isn't it odd?—Mrs. James and Kathleen said it did not belong to them, which was what the *jewelleress* seemed to think; and it was the last thing I could *possibly* think. I said it did not belong to me; and hummed a

tune, to conceal the emotion I felt; looking round every where to observe if I could see anybody I could *convert* into Violetta. There were two or three ladies at the further end of the shop, and I scrutinized them all; but they looked more like Michaelmas daisies than violets. I kept my eyes by stealth on the miniature, which lay on the counter disregarded by everybody but myself. The ladies, having fixed on a setting, rose to depart, and the shop lady disposed of *the* miniature with the rest in a drawer, my eyes following it till it was concealed from my fascinated gaze. We left the shop; Kathleen having not only dismissed all her angry looks, but, smiling on me very graciously. I conducted them to a house where they were to pay a morning visit, and pleading an engagement, I was permitted to leave them, on condition of my promising to dine at O'Rourke's with them; to which I

consented with pleasure, stipulating for my returning to Welford when dinner was over; this could not be resisted, and we parted; they to engage in fashionable chit-chat, and I to hurry back to the jeweller's. I conjured the lady of the shop, if it were possible, to let me know how she came by that miniature, as it was of material consequence to me. She said she had never seen it before, nor did anybody in the shop know any thing about it; but she supposed it would be owned some day. I begged if it were, that she would elicit from the person who owned it if he or she knew any thing relative to the present residence of the original. She replied, that it was too delicate a thing for her to engage in; I was a perfect stranger to her, and a lady was in the case; so she begged to decline interposing. I felt the rebuke; apologized by saying, "more depended upon it than I was authorized to declare;" but the only

thing I could prevail upon her to promise was, that she would not make the ladies who had been with me acquainted with our conversation. I entreated her to allow me to look at the miniature once more; she begged to be excused; and a lady coming in, she attended her, with a slight inclination to me, as much as to say, "*You may go now, Sir,*"—so bowing, I did go—over the way to a coffee-house; where I sat, meaning to watch whoever went into the shop, till it was time to go to O'Rourke's to dinner. A chariot stopped; two gentlemen were in an adjoining box; one observed, "That's a handsome carriage.—" "Yes," said t'other, "I have often seen it, and understand it belongs to a Sir *something* Lovel."—Wasn't it odd? I had read he was killed in France; and so did the public read something about the *ghost going through the bottom of the grave*. I looked intently to see who got out; but, a hack passing at the

instant, I only discovered a petticoat flounce, which went into the shop. I started up, determined to get into such a direction that I might observe who it was, without being seen; but, by the time I got to the door, there was a stoppage and I could not cross, (such a stoppage as sometimes occurs in Fleet-street; carriages, in opposite directions, lining both sides of the street; and moving, when they could move, in a kind of compact body). The lady soon returned to her carriage, and was very dashingly dressed, with a large morning bonnet on; in consequence, I could not get a peep at her face—at length, the carriages moved, and Sir *Something's*—went on with the rest; but, at the corner of a street, turned, and I scrambled across the way, in a zig-zag direction, (as the carriages moved but slowly,) at the risk of my life, and with the loss of my hat, which was knocked off; and, as O'Rourke would have said, *a coach-wheel walked*

over it. I gained the street however, and saw the carriage stop at a house in it; I darted into a hatter's at the corner of it, demanded a hat directly, telling the fate of mine; and, being fitted, was *delightfully* surprised at discovering I had not a farthing about me to pay for it; not having been home since I was robbed—and it was in vain to tell the man my address—he said he would send the hat home, or send somebody him, with me; but, as I was a stranger to he could not take my word.”—“Take my watch then,” said I—when I recollected that I had lost that too the night before. The man thought me either mad, or an impostor; when casting my eyes across the way, I saw, over a shop-door, the name of Tunzey's boot-maker; and directed the man to send his boy over to ask the boot-maker to identify me; he did, and the gentleman came over and claimed acquaintance with me; the hatter apologized, gave me the hat, and I

ran out of the shop, *all* staring at me. The carriage was driving on and I ran after it, I think, at least, three miles; when it stopped at an elegant house in the environs of town, and I posted myself near enough to see the lady alight—O, how my heart beat!—"If it *should* be Violetta, in Sir Somebody Lovel's carriage," thought I, "I have arrived at certainty, and my mind will be at rest about her." The carriage-door was opened—the lady alighted—I saw her face—I had ran three miles to look at one of the ugliest women I ever saw, and get a violent stitch in my side; and, to make it worse, I heard a church clock strike four; I was, at least, four miles from O'Rourke's; and four was their dinner hour—and my not going would never be pardoned—I ran myself out of breath, then walked; stopping when I could not cross for carriages; at last, knocked up—consider the lassitude my over-night's fright and exertion had

left—I saw an empty hackney-coach moving in a string of carriages, hailed the man, told him I would let myself in, to save time and trouble, which I did; told him where to drive, and to drive fast—after some time he got out of the stoppage; and, after some more time, he got into another—and a worse; so I jumped out—felt in my pocket for the fare, to throw it to him on the box, but—you know, reader, my pockets were empty—the man could not leave his box, so bawled to the people to stop me for his fare; a man collared me, and, in shaking him off, I reeled, and my elbow went through a shop-window; out came the shopman, and I was forced in; where I got breath to explain, as *well I could*, and was suspected the more, through the “improbability of my story,” for I could *not* explain *exactly*;—a constable was talked of; though I requested them to send to my house, or my banker’s, to inquire; they said,

“ the sum required wasn’t worth the trouble,”—unfortunately I had neither card nor reference of any kind about me; and genteel sharpers abounded so then, as well as now, that even my appearance was against me—a constable came; and fortunately he was one of the many workmen I employed.—*He* “ was astonished people couldn’t tell a gentleman when they saw him ;” and, *after* his information, and *paying what was demanded*, they were astonished too—while I was enraged—for a crowd had collected around the door, and I had to make my way through them—“*That’s he*,” cries one—“*There he goes*,” cried another—and *go* I did—up one street instead of another, by mistake; and, in short, got to O’Rourke’s just as the cloth was going to be removed, though they had waited for me till the dinner was spoiled; and I had to do one of the most disagreeable things imaginable; dine with every body staring at one, and counting your

mouthfuls, (as boys count every day of the last three weeks before the holidays) impatient for the cloth's removal;—besides, being to account for my absence; not daring to account for it in the *exact* way, and puzzled how to frame a credible excuse—I ate, as one always does in such a case—at least, nervous men like me—just dinner enough to make me hungry; but, delicacy would not allow me to keep the ladies waiting for their dessert—I had *had* mine—for a fool—I thought; I motioned the cloth off; and, by the time a course of rounds of the bottle had occurred it was the hour I promised to attend Welford.—I made my apology, without having accounted satisfactorily, *I saw*, for my absence; but, as the cause licensed me, left the room without ceremony, and heartily vexed. O'Rourke and *both* the ladies, (*I thought*) looked chagrined.

I succeeded in effecting Welford's

comfortable removal to his own house ; and found Tunzey there ready to receive him. Their meeting was affecting ; but there was reserve—though not *very* strong—on the part of Tunzey, who never could conceal his feelings ; but who had more of the dove than of the serpent in him. Welford reposed on a sofa in the drawing-room—Mrs. Tunzey at his head ; his wife half leaning over him, and Tunzey playing with the boy ; when the servant came in and whispered to me that Goldworthy was below—her whispering attracted Welford's notice, who *looked* an inquiry to me—I hesitated an instant—and said to the servant “ *I will come down directly.* ” Welford said, “ Whispering denotes mystery ; I'd rather know what it is.”—“ Goldworthy is below,” said I. “ Let him come up,” said he, “ all rancour is gone.” Tunzey thought it imprudent, but Welford requested he might ; the ladies withdrew, and I

introduced Goldworthy—Welford held out his hand to him the moment he entered with true Christian charity; Goldworthy seemed much affected, and said, “Thank God, sir, we have met again; and that God, knows my innocence of what you suspected me capable. Mr. O’Rourke can throw much light upon the subject, but no light that will reflect other than honour upon Mrs. Welford, and credit upon me.” *O’Rourke*, unexpectedly, entering with an old cottage dame, said—“I do know much; and this good woman, who tenanted the cottage, knows more; and can testify that Caroline and Mr. Goldworthy never met at the cottage but once, and that once in my presence; from that day Caroline never went *out* without *her*, or *O’Shaughnessy*, or his wife; for whose integrity I will answer—or with Kathleen, who is a sufficient authority for herself.” Welford declared he required no testimony; his own conscience told him he never

ought to have doubted his wife's consistency—"she has forgiven me," said he, "she shall not repent it; the circumstance of the song, Mr. Goldworthy, has been explained by my friend Marmaduke, and I have to ask your pardon." "Never," replied Goldworthy, "and I trust we shall never again forfeit each other's esteem." "Now," said Tunzey, (who would be very grave sometimes,) "let us cut the matter short—I am happy to see you reconciled, and I hope, gentlemen, you will both profit by the escape you have both had, and never again indulge in ambiguous language in cases where female character and connubial peace are at stake; nor ask redress for insults to your own honour, while you are implicating that of another. If Mr. Goldworthy had fallen, remorse would have opened Welford's eyes to fruitless anguish, and made the sight of his own wife a lasting reproach to him; and, if

Welford had *died*, the cry of the widow and orphan, would have united with that of "his blood from the ground," to harrow his opponent with the intolerable reflection that the appalling sacrifice had not only been made, but had been the result of an idle thoughtlessness, to which I do not wish to attach the name it deserves. He who commanded us *not to bear false witness* also commanded us *to do no murder*—but to *love one another*—and the *Book* that will be opened at the day of *retribution* will not be man's *code of honour*." He held a hand out to both, which they eagerly grasped; and O'Rourke, observing Welford was faint, we separated; O'Rourke insisting that Goldworthy and I should accompany him; Tunzey and his wife remained. We staid at O'Rourke's till late; Goldworthy was very attentive to Kathleen; I thought she coquetted with him—isn't it odd?—and I was obliged to force my spirits to be upon *par* with

them, as O'Rourke would have said. They all rallied me about my absence from dinner; but I merely said I had mistaken the hour; explaining the circumstances of the stoppages and losing my way; and bore the laugh against me for neglecting the ladies with as good a grace as I could; went home heartily vexed, wearied and dejected, and to bed immediately, to forget my trouble and hide my chagrin; and dreamt all night of violets, miniatures, shamrocks, hats, and hackney-coaches—that's not odd.

CHAP. V.

ARTHERTON, in the hope of obtaining a clue to Violetta, actually went to the inn where the incident of the three plates took place, and taxed the maid with it, who recollected nothing—till she saw a portion of the “*root of all evil*” peeping from between his finger and thumb ; and her inveterate hatred of any thing evil made her anxious to *root it out*—of the place where it was—which she adroitly effected ; and then recollected something about a lad who rode behind the chaise, and a woman coming, who arranged the plan of the plates ; but who the woman was she

didn't know; and about the lad (as Thomas, the postilion, was gone away) no information could be procured; and the whole, in fact, was such a *cock and bull story*, that nothing could be educed from it, further than the presumption that the lad was connected with the manager, or managers, of the whole art of legerdemain practised upon me, from the very circumstance of the seal being found in the wrapper of which he had the charge. I informed Artherton that I imagined I saw Violetta the night he was with us at the theatre; of the circumstances of the *miniature*, and Sir Somebody Lovel's carriage calling at the shop where I saw it; also of my having engaged Sir Lionel's discarded servant. He replied—"I do not believe that Lovel is in England; and there is, I think, a Sir Thomas Lovel: that *Violetta* hovers round you, as well as her emissaries, I have no doubt: I wish I had seen the *miniature*; it would have enabled me

the sooner to have discovered her ; but we will go to the theatres and other public places together, where, if you see her, point her out, and I'll unriddle all that concerns her, or do not trust me more." While he was speaking, he pulled out his handkerchief, and something, in a paper, dropped from his pocket ; I picked it up—"What is it?" said he—he took it and opened it, exclaiming, "Heavens ! it's the miniature of a most beautiful woman ; but how it came in my pocket I know no more than you." I looked—" 'Tis Violetta !" I exclaimed, "and the very miniature I saw in the shop—how am I to account for this?"—"Upon the honour of a soldier," said he, "I know not how it came into my possession ; this woman appears to have recourse to all the arts of juggling ; I will go to the jeweller's, for she must be in the plot ; and as I am now in the possession of Violetta's features, I will ferret her out, if it be possible ; she is either a mirror

of affection and constancy, or—excuse me—having been abandoned by Lovel, wishes to entrap you; which is a colourable conceit, for juggling acts like hers are not in accordance with female delicacy: no doubt, she has discovered my intimacy with you, and contrived to have this picture conveyed into my pocket; I am certain she's not far off, and I'll soon ascertain that: in the mean time, do you sift that fellow you have engaged thoroughly; I mistrust all he he has told you; so take care you are not imposed upon.” “Why it was mere accident, and the sort of accident that could not have been planned which brought us acquainted,” said I. “True,” replied he, “but guard against accidents while *he* is with you.” The servant told me Royer was come,—“I leave you together,” said Artherton, and went. Royer was shown up; “Sit down,” said I, “I must have some serious conversa-

tion with you before I can determine what to do with you." He obeyed.

"I observed," said I, "when I gave you my address at the hospital, that you coloured; as if some *particular* recollection of the name came across you." He replied, I was not conscious of it."—I insisted upon his answering candidly to any question I should put to him, if he expected me to do any more for him; and observed, that if he equivocated, I had means of detecting him, of which he was little aware; that the gentleman who left the house as he came in had given me some information of which I should avail myself; and that, therefore, disguise would hardly avail him. And, now, said I, "I will come to the point at once: you are the man who assisted Sir Lionel Lovel in carrying off Miss Violetta Valentine." He replied, "You have saved my life, Sir, and I should be a villain indeed to deceive you. I have

been employed in strange *businesses* for Sir Lionel, certainly; but I did not assist him to carry off the lady you mention."

"Were you not with him when he carried her off?" continued I—"I was *not* with him *when he carried her off*." "When did you leave him then?" "We quarrelled about two months before I *heard a report* of a plan to carry off Miss Valentine; and it was then he gave me the certificate to procure another place." "There is an ambiguity and equivocation about your answers I do not like," said I, "and which increases my suspicions; carrying a lady off, in the way she was carried off, is felony; and all concerned are principals; and, though you may be ignorant of it, I am justified in sending for an officer, and taking you before a magistrate, when the truth must come out."

"Sir," said he, "I will readily go with any officer, I have no fear on that point." This confidence staggered me; but I did not choose to let him know

that, so I said—"No; I will not proceed to such an extremity. I saved your life, and I shall trust to your gratitude for making me the only return you can, that is, telling me the truth; for much depends upon it." "You have taken the best way, sir," said he, "of drawing any thing that I know from *me*; I am a poor man, an unhappy man, but not what you think me."

"Well, well," said I, for I began to think I had gone too far; "we will say no more at present; turn the subject over in your mind, recollect all you can, relative to Miss Valentine and Sir Lionel, and let me know—I will trust to your gratitude," (*ringing the bell.*) "You may, sir," replied he; a clerk entered, and I told him to take Royer into the office, and employ him, as I had previously given him directions; Royer bowed and followed him; and I remained—as wise as ever. His equivocation certainly gave me suspicion. "In Lon-

don, (said I in my description,) *equivocation* is universally practised; nor is it confined to speech. The figure of equivocation may be applied to circumstance—the, now *worn-out*, reproach of the French *two ruffles and a frill* implying the positive existence of the *remainder* of the *convenience*, was an equivocation; in the same way bills of accommodation are equivocations; and generally imply as certainly the *remainder* of *another convenience*. “*A new jest book*,” is generally of this class; the title implying jests in the book, when the real jest is the book itself. “*Neat wines*,” means, *neat as imported*; Query—what is done to them on the other side of the water? A *carriage* implies the possession of *grease for the wheels*—yet they *creak* sometimes. *Long orations* imply knowledge; but are often like the show boards at the *booth* of a *dwarf*—*much without, little within, &c.*”

Welford recovered rapidly; his tenderness increased with his health, and

Caroline's happiness appeared established and complete; the reign of sorrow was past; and I rejoiced in the prospect before them, of a long series of years "brimful of bliss," nor was I disappointed; for to this day it is a phrase in *our* circle of oddities, whenever we would express a *plenum* of connubial joy, "*as happy as Welford and Caroline.*"

The morning after I had examined Royer, having a *professional* call to make at Richmond, I made (agreeable to a *predetermination* to go that day) the sixth *inside* of one of the stages. The company, with one exception—a lady deeply veiled and muffled up, who said nothing to any one—were very chatty. *Love* became our subject; and the truth of the assertion that *first love never dies* was inquired into, and canvassed in the same *odd* way in which a company, determined to laugh if they can, canvass every thing which spontaneously arises; more anxious to invite mirth, than to investigate meta-

physics, or talk reason. One gentleman observed, "that a man might love a dozen times, if he found a dozen amiable objects."—A lady inquired, if "he meant all at once?"—He replied "the more the merrier."—One said "Love was like curiosity—eager, and soon gratified; that first love was the strongest, but generally the least reasonable."—"But most natural," was the reply.—"I don't know that," was the rejoinder: "it is the most fanciful, and fancies are short-lived."—The old gentleman said "more stress is laid on first love than it deserves: that it does die there have been many instances, I believe; besides, its very title, *first* love, presumes there is *second* love; and second love is never born while the first is alive: some people may fall in love a dozen times, but for my part I never reached higher on the scale than five—I loved them all; married them all; and buried them all: and if any lady is at liberty, I am

ready to marry again.”—“ And bury again, too,” said the lady who spoke first; “ keep away from me, you common assassin.” I put my *own* case (implicated as I was with Violetta and Kathleen) suppositively, to learn their opinions, though I did not give my own. They all seemed to agree that in such a peculiar case *first* love ought to be a *secondary* consideration; and the old gentleman said, “ The lover would be rather justified in marrying the second; because he ought not to injure the second for the sake of the first; nor to marry the first at all; for it would be almost next to an impossibility that her character could be sufficiently cleared to prevent the occasional recurrence of doubt after marriage; and he thought such a marriage never could be happy.” Here he called to the coachman to let him out—the conversation dropped, and the passengers dropped out one after another, till only the silent lady and

myself were left. "You have not given us your opinion, Ma'am," said I. "Nor you your's," said she, in a hoarse voice. 'Why, then,' said I, "in such a case, if there were a possibility of ascertaining that the first lady was innocent, single, and attached; however suppressed the gentleman's first love might be, I think, upon seeing the lady, it would predominate over the second; but a great deal depends upon the organization of the minds of lovers; and as the Spectator says, 'Much may be said on both sides;' yet I think, if it were my case, mine would." I half sighed. The stage stopped—I handed out the lady, whose face I did not see. She put a paper in my hand, into which I had seen her put silver while in the coach, and saying she was in a great hurry, begged me to pay the coachman for her, and quickly disappeared. The coachman was going after her; I called him back: paid him for both places, and put

the lady's paper in my pocket without examining it; called on my friend; settled my business; and was the only passenger in the stage when it set off on my return. It was now I first opened the lady's paper; and while taking out the silver, something dropped on the seat. I took it up—it *was the locket that Violetta had given me, and which I gave to the sailor*—wasn't it odd?—Had I been riding with Violetta; or the agent of her operations? I was confounded—the whole chain of events seemed more like romance than real life: for, no doubt, reader, you have read similar things in novels and fictitious histories; but the circumstances I have alluded to are as true as any other part of these memoirs. After reaching my house, I sat ruminating upon the occurrence, when a note was brought to me, which contained the following *odd* invitation:

“ The lady who rode in the stage to Richmond with Mr. Merrywhistle, and

who left with him a *small packet*, would be extremely obliged to him, if he would honour her with an interview at —— this evening at eight o'clock; and inquire for Mrs. Walker: the *contents* of that packet will suggest to him the probable effect such interview may have upon his future happiness. The lady reposes in his *confidence*; and his non-appearance within ten minutes of the time specified will be the only signification of his *dis-sent* necessary."—wasn't it odd?—I determined to go; but wished to consult Artherton; yet, a *lady* reposing confidence in me, and that lady either Violetta, or her agent, was a prohibition I did not know how to disregard with honour. I had the election whether to go or not, but I did not conceive I had the same liberty of committing the lady to any one. I, therefore, kept out of the way of Artherton and of any whom I thought likely to interrupt my proceedings, and at the appointed hour went to the place

specified. It was a respectably plain looking house; the door was opened by a female servant; I was shewn into a very neatly furnished room, and was soon after joined by the lady who was in the stage, in the same dress she wore then, and her face, as then, perfectly concealed by a veil. The moment she entered the room, she said, in the same hoarse voice, "Your obliging attention to the request made you, sir, is, believe me, fully appreciated; and will be as gratefully remembered." I bowed, and said, "Pray, madam, will you do me the favour to inform me how the locket enclosed in that paper came into your possession?" She replied, "Ought I not also to inquire, how you let it go from yours if you set any store by it?" "There is," rejoined I, "a mystery about it which I trust will be explained; and though accident deprived me of it, design appears to have restored it." "All that may be necessary to explain

you have a right to require, sir," said she, " and all that can be explained will be, and I *hope* to your satisfaction. The circumstances are, you are fully aware, delicate—extremely delicate." " They are," said I; " but will the question I have put be answered?" " Hereafter, sir," said she: " and shall I be answered when I ask whether Mr. Merrywhistle has ceased to prize that locket; and whether *first* love, of which he knows *that was a gift*, can die: perhaps, as he did not give an explicit opinion upon *that subject* in the stage, he will now." " I will answer no question whatever, madam," said I, " till I am satisfied how this locket came into your possession." " The same way, then, sir," replied she, " that the purse and seal came into my possession; you have received them also, I believe?" " I have; but my question must be explicitly answered," said I. " They were purchased of the sailor who saved Mr.

Merrywhistle's life," said she. " It is singular," said I, " that that sailor should accidentally transfer them to those who seem so particularly interested in recalling events to my recollection which had better perhaps be erased from it for ever." " Those events then," said she, " still impress your memory powerfully, and the word *perhaps*, which you made use of, conveys an intimation that you are *doubtful* whether they ought to be erased: my question relative to *first love* is thus answered, and I thank you." She rose hastily; opening the door of an adjoining room, passed through it, and at the same instant my eyes were rivetted upon *Violetta*! who stood, agitated, before me.—Nature *will* prevail; *first love* was not dead—the stigma upon her character was forgotten—my sight was confused—my head swam—I sprang towards her to—be repulsed. She put out her hand to stop my close approach; and said—" Then the *morning star* is not

set in Marmaduke's estimation"—wasn't it odd? and at the instant I heard *the dance* played on the flageolet in a piano tone!—My eyes were opened—Violetta's agents had hovered round me every where. She saw my agitated embarrassment; and continued—"Marmaduke, we have met once more; sorrow, suffering, and calumny, have, as you may discover, in some respects, altered the unhappy Violetta."—[She looked rather griefworn; and her eyes wanted the full lustre they once wore; she was thinner, but not less graceful, than she had been; and her voice had a deeper tone, occasioned, I supposed, by its familiarity with the accents of grief—and my heart at that moment bled for her]—"and," said she, "the only consolation she has had since her parting with her *be-be-loved* (her voice was *subdued*) Marmaduke, comes at the moment she discovers he has not—forgotten her." Tears burst, and her head

drooped—the poetical figure of a drooping lily or rose surcharged with rain-drops were a poor simile. I held out my hand—for, oh! my heart was full!—whether of love or pity I know not. I held out my hand for hers—she started. “No,” said she, with dignity, “when my innocence is substantiated—and—*innocent I am*”—raising her clasped hands and streaming eyes to Heaven—“then, and then only, shall our hands join—and then only as a testimony that Violetta has recovered Marmaduke’s esteem—no more; his love be another’s—(and she sighed deeply) for *then the morning star shall set*—and may the Heavens be propitious when the *evening star* rises, as it must, and shall, in triumph. Do not interrupt me,” (for I was going to speak,) “I have long hovered round you. My only care has been to ascertain whether I lived in Marmaduke’s memory; and of the means I have taken, and for which I must account, you are

not ignorant. I have been the happy instrument of saving your life;" and at this instant the sailor stood before me, with the flageolet in his hand. "*Royer*," said I, astonished. "Yes, sir," said he, "when you saved my life, you find I was not in your debt." "And now," said Violetta, "you know how the purse came into my possession—this faithful creature, who preserved me from the fangs of Sir Lionel Lovel, has been my agent to try the affections of Marmaduke, and followed him upon that errand, when accident put it in his power to save a life, Heaven knows how dear to Violetta"—a short fit of hysterics followed. Royer ran for assistance. Violetta was in my arms—senseless: I pressed her lips instinctively; her bosom rose against mine—she recovered before Royer returned; and finding herself in my arms, sprang from them as well as her weak state would allow her,

exclaiming, " No, no, no—that must not be ; Violetta never can be Marmaduke's. Hear my justification, and then—(she paused)—then—(and she fixed her eyes on me with a look that penetrated my soul) we part for ever." She had nearly fainted, and was supported by the female servant, who had been sent in by Royer. She recovered, and said to the servant, as she seated her on one end of a sofa (on the arm of which she leaned,) " send Royer here." When the servant was gone, she continued : " He can acquaint you with what has been performed for me, and how I escaped Sir Lionel. I leave England to-morrow, and I would not leave in it the only mind I value impressed with a notion of my being the guilty creature I have been represented."

Royer came in, and commenced his story; the opening of which perfectly agreed with that I had heard from Valentine, in the lock-up-house ; and

added—" The license for the marriage was a forgery. by Sir Lionel's order, I drugged the wine which Valentine drank ; and, as Sir Lionel drank always claret, which Valentine never did, their drinking from different bottles is accounted for. For Miss Valentine, who seldom drank wine, a light French wine was prepared, which I drugged very slightly indeed, only sufficient to cause a short sleep, as she was beloved so much by every body, and had been so kind to me, I resolved to save her, to make amends for former misconduct. The maid, who was in the plot, and equally in the interest of Miss Valentine, decoyed the housekeeper into the wine-cellar, and locked her in. When Mr. Valentine was completely insensible, and Miss Valentine asleep, Sir Lionel and I conveyed her, under cover of the dark evening, to a chaise in waiting, into which I and the maid-servant got ; Sir Lionel determining to join us

at a place appointed, by another route, as he had to secure a box of valuable property at his house, and which he was going to take abroad with him. We arrived at the house of a creature of my master's; there Miss Valentine awoke, and raved about her father. I pacified her by a confession of the plot laid for her by Sir Lionel, and the mode I and the maid-servant had taken to defeat it, out of gratitude to her: and represented that if she did not implicitly follow my advice, her escape was impossible." "Why," said I, "did you not, when Sir Lionel left you, return with her to her father?" "Because, said he, "the postilion was a creature of Sir Lionel's, and he would have betrayed me to Sir Lionel, from whom—as my my life was in his hands, in consequence of a discovery he had made of my robbing him—I wished to escap myself; and as I confess a circumstance so heavily against me, I trust, sir, you will

see the ingenuousness of my relation."

"Did you not," said I, "shew me a certificate of character from him, when you told me you left him?" "Yes, sir; that was two months previous to the time of the plot taking place, when we quarrelled, and he discharged me."

"But how," rejoined I, "dared you quarrel with him, with *your life at his mercy?*" "The discovery of the robbery had not occurred then," said he;

we made up our quarrel; but I kept the certificate for future use. When he made the discovery, he promised to spare my life, only on condition of my assisting in his nefarious schemes against Miss Valentine. Are you satisfied, sir? otherwise my going on will be useless." "Go on," I said.—He continued: "The question you put to me Miss Valentine put—*why I would not return with her to her father?* I gave her the same reason; and put it to her, whether she would reward a man who

was endeavouring to save her honour, by putting his life in danger, when there was a ready way, if she would embrace it, to escape Sir Lionel, and rejoin her father in safety. After some time she agreed to change clothes with the maid, who was her own figure; and who, when she put on Miss Valentine's long veil, (which she had taken care to put on Miss Valentine's bonnet, before we set off,) appeared exactly like her; and was to be imposed upon Sir Lionel, when he returned, as Miss Valentine; and I escorted Miss Valentine to the cottage of my aunt, which was close by; making the woman of the house believe she was the servant-maid, whom I was ordered to pay off—(which was a fact)—and whom I said I wished to put in her road to the next town; begging the woman to sit with the sham Violetta to prevent her escape till my return, which she did; and the maid acted her part so admirably, that the woman,

who had never seen either of them before, was completely deceived." "Allow me," interrupted I—"did you then go off with Miss Valentine, or return to the maid?" "Having seen Miss Valentine safe, I returned, just previously to the arrival of Sir Lionel," said he. "But," rejoined I, "was not this putting your life in jeopardy, through the danger of his discovering the deception?" "No," said he; "there was no time for discovery: the instant the chaise came, the woman and I were, with his assistance, to force her into it, which service we performed for the maid, who completely deceived him; and we drove off to the sea-port, where I saw them embark, and pretended to embark with them, but gave them the slip; and, as the wind served, saw them suddenly sail, and heartily wished the vessel might go to the bottom." "That exhibited great affection for your master," said I, laughing. "There is no affec-

tion, gratitude, or honour, among rogues, sir," said he ; " and the master who teaches his servant knavery must expect a knave's trick as his reward." " But now," said I, " what could the maid promise to herself by going with him? and when the discovery he would make on shipboard took place—" " It would be of no consequence," said he, " Sir Lionel dared not return; the girl he had long before seduced; and she had a relation at Boulogne, to whom she wished to go ; and this way she secured a free passage, while Sir Lionel's anger or resentment she would treat with contempt."

CHAP. VI.



VIOLETTA, motioning Royer to withdraw, continued the explanation: When Royer left her at his aunt's she gave way to despair: the old woman soothed, and induced her to retire to rest: but Violetta secreted a sharp-pointed knife, to defend, or destroy, herself if she were assaulted in the night; for she could not divest her mind of the notion of treachery being mixed with the kindness shewn her; and such a conclusion, in her state, was natural. Having secured the door, she sat on the bed till day-break; when, tired out, she fell asleep, and awoke about ten o'clock.

the knife still clasped in her hand. On going down stairs, she saw William (Royer) and found breakfast prepared for her. Grown more assured, she breakfasted; and a consultation was held on the proper steps to be taken for her further security. On the previous day, Violetta was commanded by her father to wear at the dinner the various valuable jewels Sir Lionel had forced upon her, through the authoritative interference of her father; which, though not many in number, were extremely valuable; and, just previous to dinner, her father, as was frequently his custom, had given her his pocket-book, containing several bank-notes of no small amount, to lock up for him; but, Sir Lionel coming in, she had put it in her pocket, and, dinner being announced, Sir Lionel led her into the parlour; and when the subsequent circumstances took place, she had the book still in her possession; and from these two incidents

she was now furnished with a considerable sum of money, and property of value.

It was resolved that William should go to her father, and inform him of her situation immediately, and he departed for that purpose ; but did not return for six days, during which Violetta was in a state of the most tantalizing agitation ; and had determined, at all events, to go herself, when William returned : he had, while proceeding to her father's, incautiously, (but to save a length of road of about four miles,) attempted to ford a small branch of a river, which he had never known otherwise than fordable at ebb-tide ; but his horse, slipping, fell with him, and he was stunned by being dashed violently on some large stones, which formed part of the bed of the river in that spot ; and had not some fishermen espied him, he must have been lost ; for the stream was carrying him, in his resistless state, down to the

body of the river. He was saved, but was insensible; it required much exertion to restore him, he had lain so long in the water; and when he was recovered, he was some hours before his reasoning faculties returned, and was in violent pain from a blow he received in the loins from the stones on which he fell. He was three days unable to travel, but had despatched a letter to Mr. Valentine, the messenger to whom never returned—and he discovered afterwards that this messenger was a worthless fellow, who, having been (imprudently on the part of William) paid first, never troubled his head about the conditions on which he was paid, and had gone a different way upon another commission for some one who retained his reward till the service required was accomplished. On the fourth day William, having regained strength, determined to go himself; but the surgeon prohibited it till the next day, through fear

of his incapacity; the next day he set off but found himself too weak to ride, otherwise than at a moderate pace; and his horse (which had been lamed by the fall) was not in a better condition to travel than himself. When he reached the place it was night; and he found, by inquiry, that Valentine had left the place, no one knew whither he was gone, and that his house was shut up. This certainly agreed with the account given by Valentine, who left the place about four days after his daughter disappeared, in search of her and Sir Lionel. William proposed that Violetta should choose a residence in some reputable family, till he should, by inquiring in every likely channel, obtain information about her father; and a *Mrs. Walker*, a respectable resident in London, who was in that part of the country upon a visit to a family for which William's aunt washed and chared, on hearing the circumstances, advised Violetta to go to London, as the best place

to live in without being known, and also the best place for obtaining intelligence of the nature she desired, through means of the newspapers and other numerous channels of information; and offered her accommodation in her own house; where (as she was a widow, kept but one servant, neither visited, nor saw company) privacy, so much desired, would be insured.

Violetta consented; and with Mrs. Walker, attended by William, went to London. Mrs. Walker hired a room for William to sleep in, and he boarded at her house, at Violetta's expense; as he was to be entirely employed, for a reasonable time, in her service, to search for her father.—And now I will finish the account in Violetta's own words:—

“I scarcely ever stirred out; yet once or twice I went to the theatres, to dissipate melancholy; for, though we took every mode of discovering my father, every mode failed of producing

intelligence. One night, at the theatre, I saw you; I thought you saw me; I immediately hurried out with my companion, and escaped detection by you. I will now account for the mysteries practised towards you. Mrs. Walker had become acquainted with every circumstance of my life; and, (knowing my heart, in regard to you,) without my knowledge, planned, (with William,) a mode of ascertaining your sentiments towards me after my character had been so cruelly marred.”—
“Why,” interrupted I, “did you not acquaint me, or Welford, whom you know so well, with your situation?”
“Surely,” replied she, “the predicament in which I stood rendered you the last person to whom I should have referred; an intimation to Mr. Welford would have been an indirect one to you; and till I could clear my character to you, delicacy, as well as the dignity of virtue, was a full prohibition:

besides, I had heard, through Mrs. Walker, and she through William, that it was confidently said, you were to be married to a Miss Kathleen O'Rourke, whose merit and beauty were highly extolled; and it was this information that suggested to Mrs. Walker the notion of discovering how far the unfortunate Violetta was still recollected by you. William, who, from Sir Lionel and my father, and the housekeeper we had, (who was my confidant,) had obtained much information relative to every little impressive circumstance regarding our ill-starred attachment, was a fit agent in this scheme; which, when first proposed to me, I reprobated; but—the weakness of my sex, at the name of a rival, betrayed me—I consented. William followed you into the country; and the various events which took place were effected through his agency, and the results, combined with your avowal in the stage to Mrs. Walker,

convinced me that I possessed sufficient of your regard to justify me to myself in vindicating my character to you, previous to my departure from England; which is my intention, and for which purpose this interview was sought." William entering the room at this moment with a trifling message from Mrs. Walker to Violetta—"William," said I, "you told me formerly, that you was not with Sir Lionel when he carried Miss Valentine off." "I have proved that he *did not* carry her off, sir," said he: "and I hope the ambiguity of my answers, which you then noticed, will not *now* appear to you as a fault." When he was gone, Violetta produced a letter, saying, "Although I did not discover myself to you, to one worthy man I did; for it was necessary to my honour that he should be convinced of my innocence, before I could seek an explanation with you—do you know that hand, sir?" It was my father's—wasnt,

it odd?—I couldn't be mistaken, his hand was so peculiar; and the proper post-house mark was upon it. It was addressed to "*Mrs. Walker.*" Upon opening it, I found it was only an envelope of one addressed, "*Miss Valentine:*" which ran thus:—

"My dear Miss Violetta,

"To clear up the fame of a young person I always valued, after receiving your account, and the references accompanying it, I thought it but justice to visit the woman, whom you call your deliverer's aunt, as well as the place where your father resided; and the accounts I received in both places coincide so perfectly with your own, that I feel bound to declare that you have suffered as unjustly as severely; and I beg leave to congratulate you upon arriving at the eve of an emancipation from a heavy load of undeserved calumny, and the consequent restoration

of your peace. Any thing in my power, to effect both, you may command. I would have written to my son on the subject, who would be ready to render you any assistance you might require ; but as you have enjoined me secrecy at present, I could not venture to write to him without your permission. He is, I imagine, all in a bustle at present, being on the eve of matrimony with a very amiable young lady.

I remain, with my wife's joint regards,

Yours very truly,

M. MERRYWHISTLE."

I had listened to her explanation with most tantalizing solicitude, and the *letter* formed an *acme* to a climax which confounded me too much for me to answer her—when she broke the solemn pause that ensued with—"Now, sir, you have heard all I have to offer ; and, perhaps, I had better have left

England without this embarrassing exposition.”—

“Left England,” said I, “where could you go without a support? for I presume, the money you had when you left your father”——“Is nearly expended,” said she, “but I have enough left to take me to France, where a cousin of my mother’s is superior of a convent; and she, though we differ in our religious opinions, would afford me a last asylum for my sorrows—I might, I say, have escaped this exposure; but I could not, however weak, or censurable, I may be to confess it, leave my native land, and *all* that is dear to me, with the reflection that Marmaduke, who sought my affections, who won my affections, should think me guilty.” And she gazed wildly upon me—her eyes streaming with tears; her hands clasped in agony—her form——clasped instantly in my arms: I was in a de-

lirium—"You shall not go," I cried. —"Oh!" she cried, "do not, do not, destroy the little resolution left me—you will be another's; then, what has Violetta, forsaken by her father, to hope for?—No! no!" (forcing herself from me,) "I will not stay in England—nor—nor detain you longer, sir, than to hear you declare your opinion of my guilt or innocence." "By heavens!" I exclaimed, "I believe you innocent. That you are really ignorant where your father is I have not the least doubt, though he has been in London;" and I detailed the circumstances relative to him, with which my readers have been already acquainted; remarking, that neither I, nor Welford, had been able to discover any trace of him since he left the King's Bench. Violetta exclaimed, "Unhappy father of a wretched child, upon whom the sins of the parent have fallen! may heaven restore you to that

happiness of which you have deprived me.—Marmaduke, I have heard you pronounce me innocent; and I shall leave my native scenes with as much peace as a mind so oppressed and harassed can enjoy. A—a-adieu, sir, (*tremulously,*) for ever; and may you be as ha-happy as you deserve, with her who possesses that heart which was once the unfortunate Violetta's." She spoke in great agitation, and was leaving the room at the conclusion of her speech—leaving me *for ever*—she, whom for years I had doated on—she, who but for me, had married Sir Lionel, when he first addressed her, and had escaped years of persecution; she, who had proved her innocence to me; she, for whom I had put it out of my power honourably to address Kathleen; she, for whom all the fulness of my love at this moment returned—*first love* had not expired—I could not, could not, part with her. I seized her hand—"Stay, stay," I ex-

claimed—"Stay?" (she replied, with dignity and agitation mixed,) in a land where lives the woman who can call Marmaduke hers, after all I have suffered for him? never! farewell—for ever." She struggled to go—but vainly: "You shall not leave me," said I. "Shall not?" said she; "do you imagine that Violetta is so lost, having justified herself, as to hold impassioned conversation with the betrothed of another? the purpose for which we met is accomplished; and a further detention of me were both torturing my feelings and insulting my virtue."

"I am not another's," impetuously exclaimed I. She fixed her eyes on me, with a mixture of astonishment, incredulity, and tenderness; and, at the same time, imparted a slight pressure to the hand which still held hers: yet, as if recollecting herself, blushed deeply, and tried to withdraw her hand; but my heart was too deeply interested

in the scene to suffer it. Could I suffer her who had been a martyr for me to resign the world? or rather—let me speak plainly—I loved her too well to lose her—I had long loved her—had lost her—had found her, and found her *innocent*; her wrongs called aloud for redress; my heart was importunate for happiness—it was in my power—I snatched her to my bosom—“We will never, never part,” said I—a slight hysterical shriek followed from her—sobs succeeded; and her tears streamed over the cheek which joined hers—her deep sighs were echoed by mine—to both it was the moment of triumph over years of misery: I sealed a vow of eternal truth upon her lips; and, before I parted with her, gave her a written promise of marriage, drawn by myself, and attested by Royer. For this I must account—to impassioned love I need not; but to dispassionate prudence I must; for prudence doubts, where passion de-

cides ; and deliberates, where passion spurns reflection—but to account—

Violetta was so overcome by the sudden burst of surprise that she could not speak for some minutes ; and, when she did, her speech was somewhat broken and incoherent—she even appeared to mistrust my sincerity : it seemed incredible to her, that, after my father's assertion, that I was on the eve of marriage, it could be otherwise. I told her unreservedly every thing relative to Kathleen, with the exception of her birth, and Artherton's pursuit, which honour forbade—still, she observed, my friends would expect me to marry Kathleen, and would undoubtedly oppose my union with her ; again declared that we had better part for ever ; regretted that we had met ; but pleaded, (what I felt too powerfully myself,) the force of affection, long cherished—*first love*, long tyrannized over—I proposed meeting her again the next day, and arrang-

ing a plan for introducing her to the world; she replied that, when I left her, her happiness would be as precarious as before; that my father was opposed to our union, and all my connexions would doubtlessly be the same; to admit my visits, situated as we both were, would be as improper in her, as she thought it would be rash in me to make them—she saw nothing for the security of what little happiness she was ever likely to possess but a separation, and begged I would leave her while she was mistress of her feelings; and, having left her—she would trouble me no more—“*You are,*” said she, looking at me with the most fascinating tenderness, “*mine now*; but you are mistaking passion for reason, and imagining that reflection to-morrow, and the advice of your friends, will be in unison with your present feelings; you are deceived: I have suffered severely for you, Marmaduke, and am

willing to suffer more, that you may be happy ; but I will trust no more to chance or caprice ; you have, by your own confession, felt more than esteem for Kathleen—she is beautiful, virtuous, and reputable : I am fading—(*with her eyes tearful and fixed on the ground,*)—thank Heaven, innocent!—yet degraded—the comparison when made by yourself upon consideration, and by your friends upon principle, must reflect too great inferiority upon me for hope ; and once separated, you are mine no more.—Why did you cruelly awaken emotions I had struggled to suppress, and upon the suppression of which depended all my hopes of repose?—I cannot, will not, be a farther victim—the victim of chance : I have submitted my justification to you and to your father ; but to the rest of the world, I scorn to account—I believe you sincere at this moment ; but your feelings at this moment are no security for

my peace, should I depart from my determination; and your resolution fail—pardon me if I mistrust it—my departure from England will only be the more embittered, and the more degrading.” Our conversation continued in this manner for some time; she bent upon going, and even in the most generous manner advocating the cause of Kathleen, while pointing out the deference due to the opinion of my friends, and the greater certainty of my own happiness, if I married Kathleen—till at last, in my vehemence, I told her, I would not leave her without giving her a promise of marriage, in writing, to banish all doubt from her bosom. She rebuked the act; told me it would be folly; bade me reflect seriously upon the probable change which might take place in my sentiments the next day, when my reason became cool—yet—said she, “ Could I madly force a man to become mine, if I had the power, if

his heart were not mine?—never—cruel Marmaduke! why have you led me to the brink of such a precipice?—go—go—for heaven's sake, and leave me for ever." She was rushing from me: I detained her forcibly and tenderly. "Your heroism shall not triumph over my constancy and honour," said I: "mine you have ever been, mine you are, and mine you shall be." A writing case was on the table, I wrote a promise of marriage, and ringing the bell, Royer came in; I made him read and witness it; and dismissed him. Violetta sat on the sofa, with her face hidden in her handkerchief, which was saturated with tears. I drew her gently from her position, and gave her the paper—"Now, be at peace," said I, "Marmaduke is yours for life:" and I sealed the vow on her lips. "Generous, but weak, man," she said, "I accept this as the sacrifice of truth, but not as the sacrifice of Marmaduke: I will wait

events with patience, and, should Marmaduke's happiness require it, this promise shall be returned by Violetta, as the last convincing proof she can give how much she has ever loved *him* from whom she will then fly as far as a broken heart will let her."

CHAP. VII.



THE remainder of our conversation is not essential to the history—I inquired how her finances were; she had previously acquainted me (she said) that she had just sufficient to carry her to France. I took out of my pocket-book a *folded* note of one hundred pounds, and presented it to her, promising to see her the next morning—thus we parted—both of us melancholy—wasn't it odd?

As I went home I felt a weight

“Hanging about the neck of my heart,”

such as you and I, reader, have no doubt often felt, when we have performed

precipitately any act of vital importance. I don't know how it was—but I began to think that Violetta's justification was not satisfactory ; I thought I saw inconsistencies in it ; it seemed like a romance. I wished I had put some questions to her relative to the miniature which Artherton found in his pocket ; but then it occurred to me that that incident was so completely in accordance with the rest that I could only refer it to Royer's agency—all this agency appeared bad, indelicate, and unworthy a pure mind : my father might err in his opinion as well as I—in short, Violetta's *anticipated reflection* came in full force upon me ; and then I recollected that she had warned me of it, and used every argument to prevent the promise of marriage being given ; and had promised to surrender it, if imperious circumstance rendered it necessary—there appeared, indeed, so much generosity—such a regard for *my* happiness at the expense of her own—

that I could not suspect her of art—I did not condemn her; I condemned myself—but the deed was done.

Gentle reader—avoid impetuosity; it was always my failing—yet, put yourself in my place; consider all I have related in regard to Violetta, from the days of ingenuous boyhood, to this hour of the trial of a most ardent and long tantalized affection—and yet, what cause had I to be miserable, if Violetta were innocent; since she had suffered for me? then—you know how I loved her—was not she the only woman I ought to have married? and what did it signify that I gave the *promise* previous to its ratification at the altar? I tried to be very happy, but still——

I knocked at my own door; it was near twelve o'clock, yet *Artherton* was waiting for me. “I have seen the jeweller’s wife;” said he, “she is ignorant of the person to whom the miniature belonged, and it was delivered to

a person who called for it, by the shopman, who described him to be much such a man as Royer"—this I had anticipated. "But, (said he,) I have strange news for you. I saw Violetta to-day; I don't think her so handsome as her miniature." "Misery is a great blighter of beauty;" said I, "and, from circumstances which have occurred, I can readily imagine Royer was the person who conveyed the miniature into your pocket." "Royer?" said he, "what put that in your head?" "You shall know all hereafter," said I. "I have made," continued he, "much inquiry about Violetta, and have obtained what I have discovered through channels with which Violetta ought not to have been connected." I sat upon

"Adder's tooth and blind worm's sting—"

"She *must not* be *yours*," said he—I looked at him—"Are you *mad*?" said he, placing a hand glass, which lay

upon the table; and I saw—for I was so astonished, that I had not power to alter my features—that my eyes were staring wide, my mouth gaping at its full extent, and every feature exhibiting the most incredulous wonder, combined with the most terrific apprehension. “I am not mad,” said I, “are you?”—“No—” said he, “Violetta is a most abandoned character.” “Unsay what you have said, or I am the most wretched of men,” replied I. “Why, my dear Marmaduke,” said he, “after the years you have waited for her; after your unparalleled constancy—when nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand would have scorned to have wasted a thought upon her, long ago—it is beyond calculation distressing to have the *dénouement* turn out so; yet it would have been ten thousand times more so, if, by any possible accident, you had met with her, and become the victim of an amiable

credulity, and an honourable feeling sublimated to a romantic height." I spread my hands over my face—speak I could not. "Come, come," said he, "don't take it so much to heart; but, as things are, instead of regretting her loss, down on your knees, and thank Providence, that spite of the infernal tricks, which she kept playing you, you have escaped the toil that she was winding round you." If this didn't "*come home to man's business and bosom*," I don't know what could. "Artherton," said I, as well as I could speak, "you must be mistaken, it is not possible." "It may not be possible," said he, "but it's true; and, my good fellow, however you may prefer romance in love to reason, if you be not really grateful to me for the information, you must have taken leave of your senses, and made up your mind to marry a prostitute." "What are your proofs?" said I.—"Come with me, and you shall be satisfied directly,"

said he. I started up, caught my hat, and without saying another word, walked out with him. He took me into a tavern, where beckoning one of the waiters he put a crown into his hand, and said, "Tom, do you know where we may be likely to see Miss Valentine to night?—Tom, sir, (turning to me,) is a sort of register of these '*light o'loves*.'" "Why, sir," said Tom, "I know a little that way to be sure; I shouldn't get much as a waiter in this house if I didn't keep a sharp look-out *that way*—Miss Valentine has been rather shy lately; but I know for certain that she will be at the masquerade at the King's Theatre to-night." "That's impossible," I *thought*, and I *said*, "*That's impossible*, for its midnight now." "O," said Tom, "you'll not see her before two in the morning; she never goes till the best time to play a sure game—she knows how to play the sure game I promise you, sir."—She *has* played one,

thought I. “ She’d deceive the very devil,” said Tom. “ Now will you believe me ?” said Artherton. “ O, I’ve certainly had proof enough,” said I, “ but let’s go to the King’s Theatre notwithstanding.” “ I will,” said he, “ if you’ll promise not to take yourself out of my keeping.” “ Very well,” I said, and we went directly to the King’s Theatre, providing ourselves with dominos by the way ; and he made me put on a parti-coloured one, that he might find me out if I strayed from him ; choosing himself a similar one for the same reason.

When we mixed with the masks, I seemed to myself like a prodigal in the paradise of fools. “ In London,” wrote I, in my description, “ people meet together in a variety of foreign, fancy, and nondescript dresses, with masks on ; play the fool, make a great noise, get intoxicated, and act all manner of nonsense, *promiscuously*, as the old woman said ; and many of them finish the

evening in the watch-house; for this privilege they pay a guinea a head, and call it a masquerade—

“ They manage *these* things better in France.”

While surveying the motley throng, I noted the subsequent specimens of *wit* in *masquerade*.

“ What cheer, brother,” said a sailor to a Jew; “ I suppose you’re looking out for a will and power.” “ Vell,” said the Jew, “ if youv’e de power, I’ve de vill, and I’ll buy it.” “ But do you bring conscience aboard?” “ Enough to exchange for your modesty, ma friend.” “ Hawl in your jawing tackle, or I’ll give you a round dozen.” “ It wouldn’t be worth ma vile to take ’em; I shouldn’t get nothing by ’em.” “ Yes, you’d get a salt eel, for a relish.” “ But I don’t relish nothing of de kind.” “ That watch don’t go.” “ Yes, it goes all de way along mid me.” “ I don’t hear it tick.” “ No, it don’t go upon tick.” A

Diana coming up, the Jew said, "How much will you take for de half moon atop of your forehead, ma tear? you shine like a star, and, by your bow and arrow, I suppose you're a *shooting* star." "Why, Moses," said a Bond-street loun-ger, "your wit's like your beard, cursed taper." "Vell, ma friend, then at any rate it has point, and your vit's like your quizzing glass, a very trifling speculation." An *Aurora* passing, the Jew said, "Pless me, dat's de lady vat people mid bad consciences are glad to see; because she always vakes em ven dey are dreaming of de devil; and whom none of de fashionble people don't like, so go to bed so soon as she comes, dat dey mayn't have none of her company." "And pray," said *Aurora*, "what do you do when I come?" "I never likes to be rude, so I always valks apoud ma bus'ness directly, ma'am." "Arrah, ma'am," said an Irish haymaker, "I have a great regard for your character." "And so you

shew it, ma friend," said the Jew, " by introducing a *rake* to the lady." " Take care how you handle the rake;" said Paddy, " for if I knock the teeth of it down your throat, you'll have a nice mouthful to chew the cud upon." " Your jokes don't bite, ma friend, in spite of your teeth.—Bless me, dere's a *Boet*; I never don't like dem nonsense beople." " What," said the bard, " should you know about poetry? you whose ideas of books go no farther than the value of the waste paper." " Yes, ma friend, I buys all de vaste paper vatever I can; I pought all your vorks last week." The poet replied

" Thy wit, vamp'd up and contraband,

Is like thy ware, but *second-hand*."

" Vell, ma friend, *you make no hand* of it at all," said the Jew. " Moses, your interest," said a Parliament candidate. " Your prinshipal?" said Moses. The candidate, " Public spirit."—" Dat *shpirit's* not very *shtrong*," replied Moses.

“ Give me your vote.” “ I never gives, I only sells,” said Moses. “ What’s your price?” said the candidate. “ As much as it’s worth selling my conscience for,” said Moses. “ I hope you don’t measure your conscience by your beard,” said the candidate. “ Ma friend, dat joke’s thead-bare, and vont turn; and, if your politics are no better den your puns, you’ll prove a mere parliament *cake*, and dat’s *flat* enough.”

The *blind beggar* of Bethnal-green and his daughter approached; and the daughter begged of the Jew—“ So shave me,” said the Jew, “ if you go on begging and shtealing in de manner you do, ma tear, dare’ll be no valking de shtreets for you.”—“ You wouldn’t refuse charity to the blind?” said the girl, “ you call that stolen which is gained by entreaty.”—“ Your worsh den de robbers on top of de highway, ma tear; dey only present a pistol to your head; and, perhaps, nothing in

it; but you presents your eyes at our hearts, and rob us of dem and our purses together—your father, ma tear, is only a *blind* to you, to carry on your vicked practishes.”—“Don’t mock the blind,” said the old man.—“Its fery convenient not to see sometimes,” said the Jew, “because den we’ve an apology for tripping; and ven I sees a *mole* abroad I always tink of a *trap*,” and he turned away. I thought there was something more meant than said by his tone, and followed him.—“Do you know that beggar and his daughter, friend Moses?” said I,—“I don’t know nobody, ma friend; but dey make no *blind* bargain never; dey are vell known here—all’s not gould dat glitters, any more den *vild violets* are *garden snow-drops*; if you meet mid ’em, shut your eyes, for pretty a blind as beauty may be, it is but a blind at last; all I say is, take care of your pockets.” The stress he laid upon *violets* struck me; it was not odd, after

what Artherton and the waiter had told me of Violetta's notoriety ; and presuming that I had now found Violetta, I was determined to watch them—but certainly the voice in which the girl addressed the Jew was not that of Violetta—yet, when I came to reflect upon her manner when she *cozened* me, I saw in it something that proved me *blind* ; and now—my eyes were opened—while I was thus reflecting, I overheard the following:—(a *female*) “That Jew knows us ; I thought I disguised my voice sufficiently.” (A *man*) “I would advise you to go for fear of accidents, after what has happened at home this evening ; for he has really done the thing very handsomely.” *She*—“I must see his grace first.” *He*—“Hist ! he's at your elbow, I think,”—I turned round, when I saw the beggar and his daughter, and Artherton, standing by them (for I told you that our dresses were obvious to each other) to whom she

turned round and said—"Will your grace bestow your charity on the poor blind beggar?" "How did you discover me?" said Artherton, in a feigned voice.—"Could *I* be mistaken in your grace, who knew your manner so well?" "O, its you, you little rogue, is it?" and, seeing me, he made a sign to me to observe, but not to appear to do so—we had settled our signals.—*She* (in a lower tone) "You forgot your promise."—*Artherton*—"Not forgot; only deferred the performance." *She*—"Put that ring on your finger, and you'll recollect it;" and she put a trifling ring on his finger. *Artherton*—"And I'll put this on yours, as a pledge that, *when these two rings are again brought in opposition, justice shall be done.* But, as you know it is my greatest bliss to gaze on that face, and as I am obliged to join a party, and can't go home with you to-night, let me be blessed with a sight of it before we part, that my memory may never once

stray from it till we meet again;" he then led her up to a lamp, when she unmasked, and I had a full view of the face of—*Violetta Valentine*! I staggered to a seat, and she tripped away; with Royer, I suppose; and Artherton and I went home. "Are you satisfied?" said he—"I am," said I; "ask me no more questions, but breakfast with me in the morning." He promised, and we parted; and in looking over my pocket-book I discovered that, in my flurry, when I intended to give *Violetta* a one hundred pound note, I had given her a 500*l.*, for I had put these two notes in my book in the course of the day, with an intention to call and leave them at my banker's, but circumstances prevented. I lay all night, nearly, ruminating upon what I should do; and rose, after about two hours' sleep, at nine o'clock.

CHAP. VIII.



ARTHERTON was punctual—after breakfast I commenced my narrative; and informed him of every thing that occurred *previously* to my offering the promise of marriage; and advanced the reasons which made me conceive Violetta, at that time, innocent.

“ Really I am astonished, Marmaduke, at your credulity;” said he, “ why it is plain that it was all acting throughout: in the first place, her waylaying and tricking you in the way she did ought to have opened your eyes to her art; *I* forwarned you that there was as much reason to suppose her a wretch as an

angel; that the evidence she brought to convince you was her own and that fellow's, of whom I told you to beware; for the letter from your father was doubtlessly an arrant forgery. But, excuse me, your romantic enthusiasm, where you are interested, renders you more liable to deception than you imagine; however, you can soon convict her of falsehood. There is the ring she gave me, and with that which I gave her you are too well acquainted to be mistaken; go to her; shew her the one and challenge the other, accompanied by a recital of the where, and when, and how; you'll have a few hysterical *trials of strength*, but a fifty pound note, which will be very handsome—and, you can't do less, considering *past times*—will set all right again, and you'll part very good friends, with a kind invitation to call as often as you like." "My dear Artherton," said I, "I must tell you all." "All?" said he, "you alarm me,

O, I suppose you have been fool enough to give her an 100*l.* already.”—“ I meant to have done that,” said I ; “ And didn’t ?” said he, “ so much the better.” “ The worse, you should say,” returned I ;—“ By mistake, I gave her 500*l.*” “ She has certainly driven you mad,” said he,—500*l.* !—whoo—o—o !—I shall not wonder if you tell me you both went to Doctor’s Commons, got a special license, and were tacked together, like the two halves of a temporary habit to be separated again the first opportunity.” “ I have given her,” said I—with a groan—“ a promise of marriage.” “ Written ?” said he, eagerly. “ Written, subscribed, and witnessed,” said I. “ O, dear ! O, dear ! O, dear !”—he exclaimed, in an agony ; clasping his hands, and stamping about the room—“ you shall not go near her again : I’ll go and bring your friend Welford instantly ; and, by all that’s good, I’ll lock you in here till I come back, unless you swear, (he put the

Bible before me,) on this book that you will not stir ; for this woman has so besotted you that I believe you'd go to the devil for her ; or, rather, that if she get hold of you again she'll drag you to him—swear !” — I smiled bitterly, laid my hand on the book, and said, “ Will that content you ? ” “ Yes,” said he, and was gone in an instant. The clerk came up and said “ Royer was below, and wished to know what commands I had.” “ Tell him to wait,” said I, “ and d'ye mind, George, take care he does not leave the place ; do not let him discover that he is watched—nay, have a constable ready in case of necessity ; but let nothing transpire in the office.” The clerk left me, the picture of utter astonishment. I now, when too late, discovered the fool I had been—wasn't it odd, that a man who could act so blindly as I had done could open his eyes at all ?

O, what a pang shot through my

heart! yet, if I had acted indiscreetly, my apology to *myself* was, that I thought her innocent; and I loved her—if I had loved her less could I, after what she had suffered for me, by any maxim of *honourable* prudence, justify falsehood, to which when a woman is a victim the consequences are infinitely more fatal than they are to man. As I sat musing on the subject, I recollected a poor female maniac, whom I had heard sing, to a wild plaintive air, the following ballad upon

FALSEHOOD.

Where roves my love,
Where strays my love,
Far, far away from me?
Ah, why, love,
Thus fly, love,
The maid who mourns for thee?

Ah! boasts she cheeks of rosier hue
Who draws thee, love, from me?
And boasts she eyes of bonnier blue
Than hers who weeps for thee?

A brighter bloom her cheeks may wear,
A bonnier blue her eye:
Her cheek, no streaming tears be there,
Her bosom heave no sigh.

But wears she, love, a warmer heart ;
And wears she heart more true
Than her's which thy perfidious art
Has rent, false love, in two ?

And, have you sigh'd, love, at her feet
As once you sigh'd at mine ?
And has she heard such perjury sweet
As twin'd my life with thine ?

And has the maid thy vows believ'd,
And has she them repaid ?
Then, thou art lost, who hast deceiv'd,
And lost that wretched maid.

For Heaven, thy perjury who heard,
Shall shed on thee no grace ;
And thou shalt be the wandering bird
That found no resting-place.

O, thou art lost, for perjur'd vow,
And she is lost to peace ;
And she shall weep as I do now,
When thy false ardours cease.

The rosy wreath that decks her hair,
To greet thine eye with grace—
While I a willow-garland wear—
The willow shall replace.

Its mournful leaves shall shade her brow ;
While she shall watch for thee,
And vainly weep, as *I* do now ;
And, weeping, sing with me,

Where roves my love,
Where strays my love,
Far, far away from me ?
Ah, why love,
'Thus fly, love,
The maid who mourns for thee ?

Welford returned with Artherton, and with a face so long that I was inclined, notwithstanding my misery, to laugh—it was the first time he had been out since his illness ; neither Artherton nor I thought of his weak state ; nor himself the moment he knew what was the matter. “ So,” said he, “ you’ve done a fine thing ?”—I began stammering an account, or an apology, or a something.—

“Never mind that,” said he, “we must go to work directly and undo all. Colonel Artherton has told me every thing; all we have to do is to get back the 500*l.*, and break that wise promise of yours—indeed, Marmaduke, you do some of the most silly things with the best intentions of any man I know.” “I’m down;” said I, “sheathe your sword.” “True, true,” said he; “where is this wretched girl’s address, and the forged letter?” I gave him the note and the letter I received. “This writing,” said he, “would have deceived me, who know your father’s hand as well as yourself. Royer has done this, through the opportunity he has had of stealing some letter of your father’s from your office, I suppose. The proper way to proceed would be to have them both, with Mrs. Walker, before a magistrate; but as the forgery, for the purposes of fraud, makes it felony, and death; and as, I presume, you would never consent to exposing

Violetta to that penalty any more than myself we must try what intimidation will do ; be assured you will never get back the 500*l.* ; and if she will not deliver up the promise of marriage, but brings her action, you must have recourse to the fraud, if not the forgery, to defeat her ; though I question if you would consent to the one any more than the other ; notwithstanding her known character will preserve you from heavy damages ; though it will not preserve yours from a heavy censure." " Violetta shall never be brought to the bar of Justice by me," said I, " nor can I submit to expose myself as a fool." " Well then," said he, " we must do the best we can ; and we must first contrive to secure this Royer, before they can dream of our discovery." " He's below in the office," said I, " and I have ordered him to be watched, and not suffered to depart." " Huzza," said Artherton, " a symptom of returning reason." " Have him up," said Welford.

I rang ; George entered. " Tell Royer I am ready to receive him," said I, " but you and the constable guard the passage when he is here." " Now Merrywhistle," said Welford, " dont you speak till I give you leave." Royer was sent up ; and the moment his eyes met those of Welford he betrayed evident emotion. " Hah, my old friend," said Welford, " how are you ? it's a long time since we met, and you're the very man I wished to see ; how fortunate !" " Me, sir," said Royer, " I am not conscious of ever having seen you before." " O, then I'll refresh your memory, Master *Williamson* ; the constable is on the stairs, and I shall order you into custody for a forgery on Mr. Skein ; as well as for forging the hand of Mr. Merrywhistle's father, to carry on your infernal plots." Royer, finding himself detected, and thinking I would, for Violetta's sake, put a stop to the business, replied flippantly—" If it were so, and

I even swung for it, Violetta must swing with me." "To be sure she must;" rejoined Welford, "that's my meaning; and the sooner you are both disposed of the better for the public." The villain observing my passiveness, and Welford's determined manner, his resolution forsook him at once; he dropped on his knees, begged for mercy; and said, if he were spared he would confess all. "I shall make no promise," said Welford, "I shall judge by your proceedings how to act; where is the 500*l.* note?" "The Devil take her," said he, (he was off his guard,) "she has cheated even me; she gave me but 50*l.*, and said she received but 100*l.*; which I thought as much as any gentleman possibly could give: however *that's* out, and I'll be plain: if I be protected, I will render Mr. Merrywhistle a service no other can render him; but, if not, my secret shall die with me." "I will not promise any thing;" repeated

Welford, "so, Artherton, call in the constable, and we'll go off to the justice." Artherton moved towards the door, and the rascal's confidence gave way, he cried, "No! no! sir—I will tell all." "Merrywhistle," said Welford, "question him about the *tricks*." "Pray," said I, "who and what is Mrs. Walker?" "I played that part," said he, smiling, "the rest that I did you know already; and you know too that I saved your life from the footpad,"—and he looked earnestly at me. "Never mind that," said Welford, "he saved yours in return; we shall consider that, perhaps, when we sum up the evidence; go on"—nodding to me. "Who," said I, "forged those letters from my father?" He was silent—"I *understand*," said Welford, "you need not press that question; I see he knows what he is about, (making a note in his book.) Marmaduke, write a note to Violetta, and tell her

you wish to see her immediately ; tell her to use some disguise, such as a large bonnet, or a long veil ; and send your confidential clerk, that he may note what he sees ; and I'll instruct him, that he may know how to act in case there be any hesitation about her coming." I wrote the note, Welford carried it out to George himself, and soon returned.—" Pray where is Sir Lionel Lovel, now ?" said I. " I don't know," said Royer. " Where is old Valentine ?" " I don't know." " Repeat," said Welford, " the circumstance of Violetta's escape from Sir Lionel." Royer repeated the story exactly as before ; and by the time he had finished, George came back, and said the lady would be with me in a few minutes. " Now," said Welford, " that fellow must be kept apart in another room ; and the constable must be with him, as well as one of your clerks ; for I will run no risk of losing him."—Royer trem-

bled extremely. Welford said "At present I only make use of the constable to secure you; but he has orders, if you attempt an escape, to take you into custody immediately"—this reassured him a little, and he was conveyed into an adjoining room (there were three upon the floor,) with the constable and my second clerk. George came up to announce Violetta—Welford said, "Come, Artherton, we will listen from the next room, and pop in when necessary; (to me,) you may tap for us when you are ready. You may proceed whatever way you please, Merrywhistle, *any* will answer my purpose, and there's no time for instructions"—they withdrew, putting their chairs in their places, and I lounged negligently on the sofa. She tapped at the door—"Come in," said I, and she entered, in a cloth wrapper, a large bonnet and a deep black veil: she looked round the room while entering, as if fearful of a witness

being there ; then taking off her bonnet and veil, and discovering her face—which guilt could not make look otherwise than beautiful—and her fine auburn hair most gracefully disposed ; and seating herself *modestly* by me on the sofa, she said, “ Violetta obeys the commands of her Marmaduke.” I contemplated her features—her look of resignation to my will ; its soft languor brightened by something like the beaming of gratitude for the *honourable* part I had acted—“ What are they, my love ?” she added. I looked steadfastly at her, but was too indignant to speak ; and at once summoned Welford and Artherton. At their sudden entrance, she started up, and appeared confused ; but recollecting herself, said, courtesying gracefully, “ Mr. Welford, I presume ? though it is so long since I saw you, sir, I cannot be mistaken ; yet, indeed, Mr. Merrywhistle, I was not prepared to be made an exhibition ; for

though, I presume, from this familiar surprise, your friends are acquainted with the solemn engagement between us, delicacy required a little more ceremony of introduction—it is unkind—embarrassing.”—“ Oh, madam,” said Welford, “ don’t be abashed so soon ; you must summon your fortitude ; it won’t desert you long, I dare say, and you will have occasion for it, I assure you.” I saw him wipe away a secret, deploring tear. She replied with real, or affected, trepidation, “ What can this strange proceeding mean, gentlemen?” “ Only,” returned Arther-ton, “ a little delicate inquiry.”

She dropped again upon the sofa, and looking at me with a tenderness of reproach, which I thought, till then, nothing but innocence *could* have assumed, she said, “ Cruel Marmaduke, to what misery have you reserved me ?”

“ Miss Violetta Valentine,” said Welford, “ shocked as I am at the situation

in which I see you—the unhappy victim of an unprincipled scoundrel, and a cruel, selfish father”—“O, spare, spare my father,” said she, “be he what he may, he is still my father:”—and she clasped her hands together,—we were all overcome; so strong was this appeal of filial duty, even from a woman so degraded. “Well, well,” continued Welford, “I will wave that subject, and only say that, notwithstanding the shock it must necessarily give my feelings to see a female, once so much respected, in so degraded a situation, you are aware that I must, as the friend and professional adviser of Mr. Merrywhistle, see justice done to him.”

“Mr. Welford’s words,” said she to *me*, “are as enigmatical, sir, as your conduct: to what further wretchedness am I reserved?—do—do, explain the meaning of all this—is this——” and a burst of tears came. Welford

smiled: I took the hand on which I observed the ring Artherton had given her the night before; and, distinguishing the finger on which it was, I placed that of mine on which was the ring she gave Artherton parallel with it, and pronounced, while I felt her shudder, "*When these two rings are again brought in opposition*"——"JUSTICE SHALL BE DONE," said Artherton, interrupting me, and speaking in the same voice he had spoken in the night before. She fixed her eyes on him, and said, (rather pertly I thought,) "Who are *you*, sir?" "Who I am at present," said he, "is of no consequence; last night, I was his Grace of ——, with whose manner of speaking I happened to be as familiar as with your connexion with him; the two rings explain the rest." Her confidence forsook her, and she darted a look of fury at Artherton that made me shudder, from the reflection that such a

woman as she had been should have become so very a wreck. "Well," said she, "as you have made your discovery, gentlemen, and I am caught in my own trap, farther evasion would be ridiculous: much good may your discovery do you; and I question whether Mr. Merrywhistle, whom, as I always loved, and who, being the only man I *ever* loved, I still love, will have reason to thank you for opening his eyes."

"Heavens!" cried Welford, "that such an angel should have been so perverted!" "Yes," said she, "you can all pity us when we are lost; it exhibits honour and feeling, and all that which you, hypocritically, make such a fuss about; but where are that honour and that feeling when you are deceiving us into ruin, and triumphing in our shame?" —(then to *me*) "You are, you always were, an exception to your sex: and you shall find that Violetta has not

parted with every virtue; gratitude and affection are still left with her." "That's all very pretty ma'am," said Welford, "but there's a certain 500*l.*, we should be obliged to you to favour us with a sight of." With audacious dignity she said, "What my husband has given me, sir, none can demand but him—he whose place it is to act the part of a man and protect me from these insults." "O, you know," said Welford, "he was always an exception to his sex—but, husband? marry, and not ask us to the wedding, Marmaduke?" She was so stung by his bantering, that she looked as if, had it been in her power to throw a shower of sudden deaths at him she would have done it; and said, "I shall not answer impertinence; let him answer it who by his own act must become my natural guardian, and who *ought* to know how to chastise it." (Welford) "Still an exception to his sex—but I think you said *become*; then

the deed is not done yet?" "I have his promise," said she, "the mere ceremony only has to pass." "But," replied Welford, "we can't stand upon ceremony now; do me the favour to let me look at the promise, as well as the 500*l.*" "Neither, sir," (*she,*) "the one is my property, the other my protection; Mr. Merrywhistle knows his duty; and when called upon by *him*, I shall know mine; but to the interrogatories of others I shall make no reply." She caught up her bonnet, and was going; when Welford placed himself between her and the door, and said, "Excuse my want of politeness, but I must take upon myself, with *every deference* to Mr. Merrywhistle, to insist upon your giving them up." "Do you mean to rob, sir?" said she. "No, only to receive stolen goods," said he, "or let the constable receive them." She, with something like alarm, "The constable?" (He) "Yes, madam, he's

only in the next room; there has been a trifling mistake—a *little matter* of *forgery* or so.” The blood mounted into her face. “Don’t be alarmed,” said he, it’s only a *little matter* of *hanging*.” “Heavens! what do you mean?” returned she. “What I say,” said he, “the letter you and Royer forged in the supposed hand of that gentleman’s father.” She was preparing an evasive answer when he stopped her, by continuing, “You need not affect any further ignorance; Williamson, alias Royer, who is in custody in the next room, has confessed all; I love to save ladies trouble.” At the name of Williamson, as well as the intelligence accompanying it, she was subdued—but not so dastardly as Royer—“I am in your power, I see,” she said: fool that I was, to suffer the letter out of my hand—but let me understand,—am I to be set free, upon giving up the marriage promise? or

do you intend to proceed farther?—let me know the worst.” “You say nothing,” said Welford, “about the 500*l.*” “That,” said she, “is out of my possession; it was the princely gift of an amiable, but weak man; yet he ought to think the experience he has purchased with it cheap at any price; if you require it, you must seek it among a dozen *honest, worthy, respectable*, tradesmen; who, while they rail at us poor wrecks of *your* chief blessing, and your chief objects of prey, live luxuriously upon the produce of our infamy by assisting us with arms to turn against our destroyers.”

“Keep the money,” said I, “give me back the promise.” “I have not yet heard my fate,” said she—“but—” and paused a moment—while we gazed in silence, and she pulled out a pocket-book. (To me)—“Sir, your conduct, if it were weak, was noble; you did that, few of your boasting sex would do:

you proved your love by sacrificing yourself to honour; and taught me the full value of a heart, which, but for a cruel father, and an abandoned villain, had been mine, in a state of virtue and reputation.”—A flood of tears choked her utterance: she continued—“To convince you, I am not so degraded as you suppose, I will lie at your mercy for my life—if, as *that sneering* gentleman says, it be at stake—if it be not, I shall have fulfilled my promise by returning yours, as your happiness requires it—there it is”—(throwing it on the table, and I, eagerly, secured it)—“now you may give me the forged letter, and we part; or deliver me to your officer; and she, who was a victim to a man she hated, shall finish her wretched existence the victim of the only man she ever loved.” She ceased, and stood,—like stern, sullen, majesty; Welford and Artherton exhibiting, astonishment and poignant

regret, that such a mind should have been driven so far from the path of rectitude. I held the letter to her—she seized it eagerly, and rushed from the room.

“Good heavens!” exclaimed Welford, “can that possibly be Violetta Valentine? she is past reclaiming I am afraid, or we might try to rescue her from her degraded state.” “I will try some means;” said I, “my feelings are still much interested for her; for little do you know how much I loved that woman.”

“It was, as I suspected, no doubt;” said Welford, “Lovel ruined her, and then, I suppose, that valet of his became her paramour in preying upon mankind; so short is the step between female innocence lost and female infamy, when once a man leaves her he has destroyed to poverty, disgrace, and the contempt of the world.” (He sighed deeply—he remembered Caro-

line.)—"Now, Artherton," continued he, "we'll have Williamson in; the forgery being out of our custody, we can do nothing with him; and I only keep the forgery I have in my possession as a rod over him; for I doubt bringing it home to him; as we have let the time go by. Williamson came in, expressing all the perturbation of dreadful suspense. "Williamson," said Welford, "Mr. Merrywhistle has twice saved your life; he has consented to let the forgery be excused; and, in the hope that you will forsake your vicious courses, I will at present keep the forgery I possess a secret; but I shall have a watch upon you, and if ever I catch you at your old tricks, take the word of a man who never gives it to break it, I shall take the opinions of twelve honest men upon the case, under direction of the learned Judge." Williamson said to me, "*This* shall never be forgotten, sir," and, bowing with strong perturbation,—the

pass-word "*Free*," being given,—he was down stairs in an instant: Artherton, (looking through the window,) said, "There he flies like a wild horse!"—"He *has* just escaped the *halter*," said Welford—they congratulated me on my escape; and Artherton devoted great part of the remainder of the day to diverting my chagrin.

CHAP. IX.



I RECOMMENDED Artherton to prosecute his suit to Kathleen sedulously: for, however he might suppose O'Rourke was anxious for me to have her, *he* (Artherton) must see that I could not, consistently with any principle of delicacy or honour, coincide with O'Rourke's wishes; independently of which, the shock I had just received had *determined* me to think no more of tender attachments.—*Determined*—

“In London, (*wrote I in my description,*) people are remarkably *positive*:—every politician is positive he is right; and his opponent *as* positive that the

other is wrong; the sanguine are positive their speculations will succeed, and the cautious positive that he succeeds best who never speculates at all. Every sectarist is positive he alone is in the right road to heaven; and every schismatic that they are all mistaken. The tradesman is positive nobody can produce better articles than his; and the buyer is (*sometimes*) positive no articles could turn out worse. The borrower is positive he can pay at the time proposed; and the lawyer is positive that, if he don't, he can make him—*can't* is, positively, never taken into the calculation; and thus a positive *writ* often produces positive ruin. Every married man is positive he is master of his own house; while his wife is (*sometimes*) too positive to be disobeyed. The lover is positive his mistress is an angel; and the looker on is (*often*) positive that the lover is a fool—and he is often right."

I was positive Violetta could never become a *fallen* angel: but, like all positive fools, was mistaken. I was positive I would never think of love more; and I proved it—by writing the *same* day, the subsequent trifle; which, though a trifle in appearance, was no trifle in its principle—which proved that my mind from long expatiation in the region of *Lovefancy*, could not suddenly divest itself of a correspondent habit—beware how you contract habits; they are like the poisoned coat of Hercules, which could not be torn off without flaying the wearer. I wrote of Emma—who *was* Emma? “What’s in a name?”—Emma was anybody—Violetta—that is, the *quondam* Violetta, whose image floated in my mind—“Emma with the golden hair,” I wrote—Violetta, when I first knew her, had golden hair—not *sandy*, reader: I was still in love with that image—and I certainly addressed the trifle to it.

A TRIFLE.

THERE'S a beaming in the sky,
The lark is awake ;
Bats to ruins fly,
Adders seek the brake ;
The sunny ray's coming,
The grasshopper sings ;
And the bee comes humming
On his trivial wings.

Nothing roves now which can harm my fair ;
Then, arise, pretty Emma, with the golden hair.

There's honey in the flower,
And health in the blade ;
Fragrance in the bower,
Freshness in the glade.
The modest rose blushes,
Green veil peeping through ;
And the king-cup gushes
With a balmy dew.

Nothing, &c.

The butterfly is out,
In his painted dress ;
Coquetting it about,
Could the beau do less ?
The blossom, nought fitter
To your bloom applies ;
And the dew-drops glitter
Like your own bright eyes.

Nothing, &c.

Isn't it odd?—To divert my mind, O'Rourke, (to whom I told the last occurrences, as well as to Tunzey) recommended me to take an excursion for a few weeks into the country; which advice was strongly urged by Tunzey, Welford, and Artherton; while Fubbs, who observed that, he knew my mind's constitution and how to manage me better than any of them, declared that he would turn over his boys to the ushers, and accompany me; otherwise, he said, I should be in the blue devils, and which were only conquered by stratagem, and he had always tricks at command. We set off, and Fubbs was to determine our route as fancy suggested to him, always taking care to let our friends know where they might direct to us; for which purpose the two first post-towns we were to approach were settled before we started.

Our plan was to *rusticate*—walk, ride, or take water, as the impulse of the moment directed—horseback, chaise,

stage, waggon, or cart, were to be preferred as circumstance or situation most favoured. We were to make observations, and write "*a Tour*," or topographical and picturesque description of the places through which we passed, and philosophical commentaries thereon. I was to take views, and Fubbs (who had a knack that way) to etch them; and the work was to be printed at the joint expense of *our circle*, to present to our various friends. Nothing was more innocently, naturally, and philosophically captivating than the whole of our plan; indeed, too delightful to last—it certainly did not. The whole of my views amounted to an ancient mansion, one old barn, two dilapidated cottages, a *picturesque*—which *always* implies something *rude*, or *broken*, or out of the common way—stile, an old tree-stump, and an ivy-mantled pig-sty. But these were to be called "*RUINS*:" and all *true* connoisseurs discover more

beauty in the decayed than in the flourishing parts of nature ; the latter being, I suppose, *only* the *beautiful* ; the former the *sublime*.—Isn't it odd ?

All our preparation for the *letter-press* part of our “ *Topographical Tour*” consisted of a few loose *memoranda*, not worth noticing ; also an attempt to prove a *Roman camp* had existed in a neighbourhood where we stopped the first day, by Fubbs ; whose only proofs were, his discovering, in a place where they were digging, what he insisted was the *Roman fibula* ; though to me it appeared to be the buckle of a cart-harness ; and a piece of earthenware, which I, with *deference*, took to be a piece of an old chimney-pot, but which Fubbs strenuously persisted was part of a Roman water-pipe, from the peculiarly fine grain of the pottery ; though, unfortunately for his position, while they were digging, up came a large portion of an undoubted chimney-pot, into which the

piece fitted ; yet Fubbs, with true antiquarian zeal, *wrote* his remarks upon the subject ; proving that antiquarians *may* be mistaken sometimes. These and a tale—written by Fubbs you will remark—upon *Transmigration*, were all the subjects produced for the work ; though what transmigration had to do with topography might puzzle you, did you not know, from experience, that if all works contained nothing but what related to their subjects, there are few books that would not dwindle amazingly in bulk.

“ A topographist,” said Fubbs, “ is a sort of *road horse*, who travels for the benefit of mankind, and is seldom either well kept, or well fed, for it ; and into the body of this animal, were *transmigration* true, the soul of a topographist would be most likely to go.” This observation led to a discourse upon transmigration, and that to doggerels—certainly not in Fubbs’s usual style, after the ancients. “ *But why introduce*

it here?" because it is part of this narrative of facts; and, because I conceive it to be no crime to raise a smile—if I can—in this dull part of the narrative—

TRANSMIGRATION.

A TALE.

Two hungry *bonzes*, by a mill,
A *duck* and *drake*, just fit to kill,
Beheld, and would have *filch'd*—'tis true—
But they beheld—the *miller*, too.

Bonzes, 'tis fitting to be shewn,
The creed of *Transmigration* own;
Or, that man's soul, at death, inhabits
Some other form—perhaps a rabbit's—
Fated, as punishment for sins,
To many more such *outs* and *ins*.
So *lawyers* may, when death assails,
For issuing writs, become *red tails*;
(A *writ's* call'd *red tail*, chance you've heard,
And, eke, that red tail is a *bird*;)
The souls of slippery rogues fill *eels*,
And *chancellors* inhabit *seals*;
Wits become *wagtails*; dolts turn *donkeys*,
Coquettes *decoy-ducks*, and fops *monkeys*.

They saw the miller, he saw them,
And gave, (significant,) a hem.
Which plainly said—" My prowling bucks,
I see your aim—beware the ducks."

The bonzes now, with whim'ring tone,
Implor'd he'd make the ducks their own.
" Give you the ducks?" he cried, " fine doltry!
To *sell* I breed my ducks and poultry!
Give! marry troop, sirs, on your way;
I dine upon those ducks to-day."

The bonzes, at this declaration,
Set up a piteous lamentation;
And at his feet they fell, imploring—
Their words impeded by their roaring—
" O, kill not," one exclaimed, " that drake;
Rather, in pity, *my* life take—
In pity to a duteous son—
To *you* what had my *father* done?"

" Your father?" cried the miller, " pooh!
What with my drake has he to do?
I never knew the man, you elf,
Wise if you knew him e'en yourself:
Pray, how can you connexion make
Between your father and my drake?"

" O, sir," the bonze " we know, alas!
Our souls are doom'd at death to pass

Into new forms—from Heaven I gather,
The soul of my beloved father
Invests that drake.”—“ And,” said the other,
“ Heaven tells me, too, that duck’s my mother.”

“ A *duck* your mother? what the deuce?”
Cried Grist, “ you’ve proved yourself a *goose*.
Your plea is false ; ’tis proved, by goles,
Not *ducks*, but only *geese*, have *souls* ;
But should their souls be there, you noddies,
Believe me, you don’t get their bodies.”

On the evening of the third day after our departure from London, an incident occurred, which put an end, eventually, to our tour. We had dined at a decent public-house, about a mile from which we observed a wood, and to which at nearly twilight we proposed to stroll. In this wood we were attracted by the cry of *murder* frequently repeated. “ Here,” said I, “ Fubbs, is a *knight errantry* job for us.

“ And here’s something to do the job with,” said Fubbs, catching up a thick branch which lay on the ground,

and, disencumbering it of its ramifications, converted it into a decent club; and off he set (for he was a spirited little fellow) without stopping for me; who luckily got hold of another branch, by jumping up to it; my weight, and jerking, made it give way, and I formed it into a cudgel as I ran after him; but he was out of sight, though I heard him halloo; and coming up to the spot whence his voice issued, I found he had, in his hurry, overshot himself; and, while looking one way, and running another, had gone plumb down into a large hole up to his neck—there were water and clay in it nearly up to his waist; and, as there had been much rain, the mouth of the hole was so wet, he could not grasp the clay with sufficient firmness, or certainty, to assist him in climbing up; and, if he had, the sides, internally, being of the same character, and not far apart, as fast as he stuck his toes into any part, and raised himself

a little, down he slid again ; and the *squashing* that his feet made in the soft bottom threw up such a quantity of mud and water, that he was beplastered with it all over, face, wig, hat and all; and his feet were so encumbered with clay, by the time I came up, that he could scarcely lift them. To avoid laughing at him was impossible ; he vowed that he believed I had sent somebody to that part of the wood to bawl, and then led him that way, that he might fall into that very hole, with which I must somehow have been acquainted ; “ and now,” said he, “ you have broken our contract, and tremble for the consequences ;” and, in short, it was as much as I could do to convince him of the absurdity of his supposition ; however, I held my bludgeon horizontally, and bid him grasp it tightly, which he did ; I pulled, with all my strength, while he fixed his toes in the sides ; and, when I had drawn him about half

length out, *my* feet, from the wetness of the grass, slipped; I fell down backwards, losing my hold of the bludgeon; and down, *squash*, went Fubbs again to the bottom; he raved at me like a bull, while, I laughed so, I could hardly set to at tugging again; meanwhile the cries continued, and I said, "Fubbs, I must go, or the man will be killed." "And so," says he, "I'm to be left here to be smothered, to save his life; what's he to me? get me out and I'll fight for him, and die fairly; but I don't stomach your leaving me here to save his life, merely that he may come to my burial." "I do believe," said I, "you tumbled in on purpose, to escape fighting, after all your bragging." This conversation, reader, happened while I was pulling and tugging as hard as I could, till at last out he came; but such a mass of clay! his feet so clogged, that the grass being slippery, down he fell every time he attempted to step; till at

last, in despair, he flopped down on the clayey grass, fairly cemented, as it were, to the ground; and there was I obliged to leave him, and run, as fast as one can in a wood, with clay-clogged feet on wet grass, lest I should only be just time to come “in at the death,” Fubbs hallooing after me. I reached the spot at last, and saw a large rough-looking man, horsewhipping a gentlemanly looking one, who lay on the ground, but *silent*. I bawled to the aggressor, “if he didn’t desist, I’d *fire*,” and held my bludgeon to my shoulder like a gun—for it was enough in that shape to look like one through the trees, at twilight—but desist he would not: I got up to the place, and, giving a spring behind him, I seized the horsewhip—a “*tumper*” it was, as Mungo says—and, as he was nearly exhausted and I fresh, I wrested it from him before I discovered it was *Valentine*—wasn’t it odd?—“*Valentine*,” said I, “what are you about; committing

murder?"—"I hope I have killed the scoundrel," said he, and he stopped an instant to breathe; while the man, who was all over clay, from rolling in the path, lay as if dead; his face hid by his arm, on which it turned; and he was drawn up in a heap, indicating how much he had been writhing with agony. "Mr. Marmaduke," said Valentine, "you're the last person I thought to see here; but there lies *your* enemy, and mine, and poor, poor Violetta's, wherever she be."—"Sir Lionel?" said I, with surprise.—"Yes," said Valentine, "I've followed him every where since I left London; I've got him at last; and, if I hadn't had an accident with my pistols, which made one go off, and hindered t'other firing—there they lie—he'd have been a dead man; but I think the horsewhip has done his business." I had turned him over, and examined him; and, but for a very faint pulse indeed, I should have thought he had expired. "There's life left," said

I, "and perhaps that may save yours."
"Ay, you came up rather too soon," said he. By this time Fubbs had made his way up to us, with his bludgeon, and plastered all over with thick brown clay—I fancied the little fellow *the little brown man*, or some of those lubber fiends it is the vitiated taste of the age to delight in. "Well, what's a-foot?" said he; "who's dead?" Sir Lionel groaned. "Not *that* man," said he, "at any rate."—(Valentine was leaning against a tree, with his face on his arm) and is this the great hulk that has put him in that condition? Valentine, knowing the voice, turned round and said, "Master Fubbs, if you had been in my place you'd have done the same; that's Sir Lionel Lovel."—"Well, it *is* like him," said Fubbs; "but we must do something with him; for killing a man in battle is one thing, but to let him die in cold blood through neglect is another; give the devil his due."—"He has had it,"

said Valentine—"yet—no—and I shall be hanged for him at last."—"He may have his due *then*," said Fubbs. I was puzzled what to do: I broke off some great branches, and tearing and cutting a large silk handkerchief into broad strips, and cutting off the thong from Valentine's whip, by the assistance of Fubbs (who moved like a bear, and looked like another, he was so cloaked with clay) made a kind of bier, or litter, or horse, or hand-barrow, (which you please,) and we laid Sir Lionel upon it; when I asked Valentine what he meant to do, and said, "You must be accountable for this; we can't suffer if he dies, through suspicion of having committed your crime, and having no evidence to prove the contrary? I must take you with us."—"Don't be alarmed about my not going," said he, "I'll stand by what I've done, and take the consequence; had I been alone, I might have left him to rot as he deserves; but I am not

rascal enough to put you in peril:" and he took up his pistols, saying, " I fell while pursuing him, or he'd been dead long ago. I'll go with you, be assured ; but I'll lend no assistance to save his life."—" Well, then, we must," said I. I took up the front of the litter, and Fubbs the hinder part ; and on we trudged ; Valentine walking sulkily beside us. We couldn't go very fast, for Fubbs's feet were so clogged ; and, when we had got about half way through the wood, down went Fubbs ; down went I ; and down went Sir Lionel, and with such a jerk against a tree, that it acted like an electrical shock ; for he certainly came more to himself, and groaned more strongly : we replaced him, and at last got to the inn ; luckily at dark, which prevented the people staring at us ; and I ordered the landlord to get a bed ready warmed, immediately, and to send the waiter for the doctor. Fubbs ordered a hot supper,

and swallowed a large glass of rum, all in a breath; ordered hot water to wash himself, and his portmanteau to be brought into a small room, where there was a fire, that he might shift himself, leaving me to shift for myself with Sir Lionel—for Valentine, calling for brandy and water, sat down sulkily by the fire-side: I, therefore, with the landlord and a waiter, got the unhappy man to bed; when the doctor coming in, I told him the circumstances under which I found the baronet, and left the doctor and proper attendants with him, while I went to make myself "*fit to be seen.*"

"In London," (said I, &c.) "people call *dressing* making themselves '*fit to be seen,*' and that means very often fit for nothing *but* to be seen, and sometimes not even that. Now, a man who shaves but once a week, (and many do no more,) is only *fit to be seen* on a Sunday; *hardly* fit about Wednesday; on Friday fit for a show; and on Sa-

turday fit for any thing *but* to be seen: *fit to be seen* with a housewife means to be clean and neat; with a *half fashionable* to be more ridiculously dressed than usual; and with a *full fashionable*, to be more *nudified* than usual, and *not* fit to be seen—with *some*, to be so stuck out, that, for fear of being put out of *apple-pie order*, every motion of their bodies and limbs is as mechanical as clockwork; they walk as one imagines the figure of Queen Bess, in the wax-work, would; and sit as prim as a doll in a toy-shop window; or a naughty girl in a corner, who fears to stir any one limb, from the apprehension of a scolding; and these *sort of folks* are *only* fit to be seen, or fit to be laughed at; though in their common *free and easy* clothes they are fit for any thing they choose to *turn their hands to*."

I made myself fit to be seen, and then went up to Sir Lionel, who I found had recovered from his state of insensibility;

the doctor had done every thing necessary, but could give no exact opinion of his case ; he was to be kept quiet, and he would see him again in the morning. I returned down stairs, and found Fubbs *fit to be seen* ; and upon the landlord's asking me “ a full and particular account” of Sir L.'s castigation, Valentine, who overheard him, said, “ it was I, landlord, horsewhipped him ; and I should have killed him if that gentleman hadn't prevented me. It's Sir Lionel Lovel, the greatest scoundrel in the kingdom ; he has ruined me and mine. I have hunted him all over the continent ; driven him here ; and here I had my revenge ; though but a slight one, it was better than none ; and I don't care if all the world knows it. I shall stay in your house till I know how things turn out ; and, if he *dies*, here I shall be to answer for it ;” and then, calling for a pipe, he received it, and began smoking in sullen silence as before.

As some apology for Valentine, I stepped into the bar to the landlord, and told him and the landlady that, Sir Lionel had certainly ruined the unhappy gentleman in the parlour, who had been a most respectable gentleman farmer; and had also ruined his daughter, a most lovely girl, who was now in London in the most abandoned state of infamy; for I thought that, without some such explanation, they would treat Valentine with all the contumely possible; horse-whipping a baronet being a much higher crime and misdemeanour than horse-whipping a *barrow*-knight—(N.B. There are *knights* of the *hod*—ergo, knights of the *barrow*). But really I found the landlord was something of a gentleman farmer himself; and with him, ruining a gentleman farmer was the *acmé* of baseness; and the landlady was so enraged about the poor daughter, that she said, “ she didn't think it proper for christian people to suffer such folks in

their houses ; they ought to be left to die in a ditch." A pretty *christian* assertion, thought I ; and I thought, too, she might, in her zeal for *christian* charity, roll Sir Lionel out of bed, and tumble him down stairs, or out of the window ; so to prevent evil that way, I was obliged to *soften* the other way. I said, ' The gentleman in the parlour had imprudently joined the baronet in sporting transactions, and that the daughter was almost forced upon the baronet, under the hope of her being made Lady Lovel ; so that, in fact, temptation was thrown in his way. This altered the case—the landlord felt it as a man ; he was liable to fall into the trap of temptation as well as another, and did just at that moment—for, a man coming in with some fowls, he agreed for a *couple*, for which he paid ; but the man (who had several) giving him three by mistake, he couldn't resist the temptation, took them quietly, and reconciled it to his conscience from

the *hardness of the times*, which made it necessary for every body to “ catch what they could ;” and it can’t be robbery to take what people give you ; and if people won’t look to their own affairs, they can’t expect you to do it for them—he felt the force of this, and pitied the baronet, poor gentleman ! very much ; while the landlady thought “ *Lady Da’ters* no great things at any time ; and that if young girls in the *middlener clastes* of life would throw themselves in gentlemen’s ways, law ! they were but flesh and blood as well as other people ; and if accidents happened in a *casalty* way, the forward sluts must take the consequences : besides (she said) the *man* in the parlour looked rather *obstropolous* ; and she supposed he was one of *them ’ere* people who cared neither for God nor devil.” Now, I began to think I had overshot the mark the other way, and was apprehensive for Valentine ; but I soon found I need not have trou-

bled my head about either ; for, as long as mine host and hostess were satisfied people could *pay*, whether they deserved to die in ditches or live in story, it was all one to them ; they merely gave their opinions *upon occasion* ; and, like the opinions of many others, they *meant* nothing. I, therefore, left off all endeavour to *soften down*.—(Said I, in my Description) “ In London, people *soften*, or *soften down*.” This is a very comprehensive phrase, and I’ll be more comprehensive upon it by-and-by ; as too much digression at once is generally *aggression*.

Fubbs and I asked Valentine to sup with us ; he consented, and, during supper, I obtained from him the following narrative :

CHAP. X.

“WHEN I left the rules of the Bench,” said he, “after taking the benefit of the Insolvent Act, which was expected to pass when I went to prison,—(the insolvent act was a different thing *then*, reader, to what it is now, and only occurred occasionally) I sent to you and Mr. Welford letters of thanks, which I trust you received.” I nodded assent. “I then immediately left London, having sworn never to rest till I found my daughter, and punished Sir Lionel. A relation, with whom my sister, Mrs. Wagstaff, lived, and with whom I had quarrelled, upon a representation of all the circumstances, became reconciled to me, and supplied me with money; and, as soon

as possible after the receipt of it, I reached Boulogne; thinking it more likely I should trace him from the spot at which he commenced his route; and much time I employed to little purpose; but I profited by making observations on the difference between the French constitution and ours, and the effect it had was to bind me more strongly to my own country; and as, I believe, no dispassionate man ever travelled the continent without feeling, from experience, the same way, I think those who have had no such experience, and have, therefore, no comparison to guide them, would do well to rest satisfied upon the subject, and not *quarrel with their bread and butter*. To be sure, people in this country, who never go out of it, can read about foreign constitutions in books; but what's that? it isn't the *real thing*; let them go among it all as I have done, that's the way to try; and then, if they don't come back satisfied that we may be happier at home, if we choose it—why

they don't know what a good home is when they have got it. Well, I won't waste your time, sir, with descriptions of France, and failures in my search after Lovel, but come to the point at once. I went one night to the theatre *Port St. Martin*, and there I spied me out my gentleman; watched him out, and tapped him on the shoulder. Says I, 'So, I've found you at last, have I, you d——d infernal scoundrel?' 'Oh!' said he; and by a sudden spring escaped me, through windings and turnings, which he knew and I didn't; but I had found he was at Paris, and determined to ferret him out again; but I couldn't get him taken up at Paris for a swindler, as I could in London by going to Bow-street; for I tried something that way, but without effect. Being, however, in company with some more Englishmen one day at one of their frog-soup shops, I was telling them (as I did all Englishmen) my story, in hopes that some of them might know the famous Sir Lionel;

when one, luckily, had heard of him, and told me he had gone off to Calais. I set off within an hour after, and was at Calais as soon as the French diligence could carry me there—by-the-bye, their travelling i'n't the same sort of thing we have here; but at Rome, you know, one is obliged to do as Rome does—When I got to Calais, upon inquiring, I found he was going on board the packet that night. What sent him to England I don't know, but I got on board the packet too; having ascertained he was there, kept snug out of his sight, and, when he landed at Dover, followed him to the inn; he had ordered refreshment, intending to go on immediately, and was in a room by himself; so into that room I went: he started when he saw me enter; I shut the door after me, and, presenting a pistol, 'Now,' said I, 'tell me where my daughter is, or I'll blow you to atoms, you villain.' He could'nt come out with any of his *ohs* then,

and he looked as white as a dish-clout. 'My dear Valentine,' said he. 'Damn your dears,' said I; 'answer me, or you have not another minute to live; but don't tell me any of your cursed lies, for you shall go with me to find her, or I'll not part from you, and you *alive*, you may depend upon it: you know I can *blow* you every where, you fiend, and I wonder how you dare venture to shew your face in England, you common swindler.'

" 'Do sit down,' said he, 'and you shall have all the satisfaction you can desire: it has been an unfortunate business altogether.' 'Where's my daughter?' thundered I,—the pistol still presented at him: when the waiter coming in suddenly, and seeing my attitude, he seized my arm to prevent murder; and he did; for my rage was so worked up, that the moment I felt my arm touched, fearing Lionel should escape, I snapped the pistol, and the

ball went through a chimney-glass, which was shattered to pieces, and the rascal ran out of the room; while the waiter struggled with me to prevent my following him, and the landlord coming up, with two or three more fellows, I was secured. I told the landlord my case, but he said he had nothing to do with that; gave me in charge to a constable, and I was confined till next day; while that scoundrel got away. I was examined before a justice, but, as Lovel did not appear against me, I could only be charged with a riot in the house; for which, after telling the justice all my case, and every body pitying me, the landlord agreed, if I repaired the damage done, he would not prosecute. To this I consented; and went back to the inn with him; and when I had paid him I had but a very little money left; though I had lived very sparingly to make it last out. I got on the

Dover stage when it started, and reached London; where I went about to all the haunts I knew he used to frequent, to find him, but I failed. I staid in London about a fortnight: I did not call on you, sir, or Mr. Welford, because I didn't want to trouble you any more; indeed I wanted only to find my daughter and to punish Lovel. One night, I thought I saw my daughter; for I saw a face so like her's that I could have sworn to it; but, no, no! it couldn't be her; she came out of a bad house, sir; and it couldn't be Violetta—however, I could not get a proper sight of her, for she jumped into a hackney coach with a gentleman, and they were off in a minute, while I stood petrified; and though I ran after the coach, as soon as I recovered enough from my surprise, I couldn't overtake it; and then I went back to find the house, and in my way I saw Sir Lionel, as I thought, and seized him instantly

by the collar—for I was grown mad—but, bless you, I had seized a strange gentleman by mistake—one may mistake by lamp-light, and so I suppose I must have been mistaken about my poor girl; *she* never could have lost herself so, whatever the rascal might have done with her. The gentleman, the moment I seized him, gave me a blow with a stick that laid me on the pavement; a crowd got round, and they took me to Bow-street, for nobody would believe my tale; and they charged me with intending to rob the gentleman, which went sorely against me. Luckily for me, or I don't know how I should have come off without sending to you or Mr. Welford, there was a gentleman, an old sporting companion of Lovel's and mine, in the office; and, when I gave my reason for acting as I did, he stepped forward, and was good enough to tell the magistrate, that I was a respectable man,

who had been ruined by Lovel, and he had heard that he had carried away my daughter by force, and that the gentleman I collared was at first sight something like Sir Lionel; and, in the light I saw him by, that *he* might have been mistaken; so, as I had demanded no money, they believed me, and let me go. You may be sure my blood boiled more and more for vengeance after this. I couldn't find out the house I mentioned, then, for I knew but little of London, and I was too flurried to have recollected the place if I saw it. I sought him every where, and I always carried my pistols with me; determined to shoot him before I would again let him escape me without getting satisfaction about my daughter. I was walking by the Golden Cross, Charing-cross, the other day, and saw him get into a stage which comes to a place about six miles from here, on the other side yon wood—he didn't see me—I jumped up on

the roof, as light-hearted as rage and revenge can be ; and about half a mile t'other side the wood he got out, ordering his portmanteau to be sent to him from the inn to a place he told them, but *where* I didn't catch, and off he went in the direction of the wood. I told the coachman I would 'light there, too ; and keeping Lovel in my eye, I walked slowly till the coach turned into the next road, that I might not be observed ; then I ran as fast as I could, and hailed him in the best place I could for my purpose,—near to where you found us—I bawled to him ; he ran ; and in my rage I drew my pistols ; when, just as I was going to fire, a root or stone tripped me, and I fell. The pistol which I had in my right hand went off, and the other flew from my left hand into a bottom of water. I jumped up and seized it—I feared his escape—I snapped it, but the lock was faulty, and the priming

had got wet, so it missed fire; and then I ran with my horsewhip, which I had kept under my arm; and as the ground was too wet and clayey for his fine limbs to scramble over so fast as mine could, which had been used to it, I came up with him; the horsewhipping began, for I had not patience to listen to a word he said; and if you hadn't come up, I should certainly have killed him—indeed, I suppose I have as it is. And now, sir, you know all.—Oh! Violetta!”

He put his face on the table covered by his hands, and groaned deeply. I advised him to go to rest; assuring him I would the next day endeavour to obtain from Sir Lionel the intelligence that he required about his daughter; for I did not think it eligible, at that time, to corroborate the notion that he had seen his daughter. He had determined not to go to bed without seeing Lovel, and demanding

the intelligence ; but I convinced him, that neither the landlord, nor I, nor any one else, would be justified in suffering him to see Sir Lionel till he were in a proper state ; and also, that I should be more likely to elicit the real account of the melancholy event than he : so by degrees I *softened him down*, and he went to bed ; gloomy as the reflections of revenge, coupled with those of an accusing conscience, generally make a man.

In the morning, I went up to Sir Lionel's chamber as early as propriety would admit ; found him much recovered ; very able to talk ; and the doctor had little apprehension of fever. He told me he understood that I had been his preserver ; and thanked me, rather feelingly for *him*, and inquired whether Valentine were in the house : I answered that he was ; when he begged me, for heaven's sake, not to suffer him to come to his room ; for, " Sir," said he,

“he'll certainly *dish* me. Indeed, I'd have the fellow put into custody, but I have *done* him up, and I don't want to carry things to extremes; besides, I don't want it to be known who I am, and I'd be obliged to you if you would write a note for me to —, (mentioning the person and place he had ordered his portmanteau to,) and tell some of them to come for me, for I want to get out of this place; you are a gentleman, and will no doubt act like one.” “You could scarcely expect me to take any interest in your concerns, Sir Lionel,” said I, “after the irreparable wrongs you have done Violetta Valentine; and unless you disclose to me what her state is, and where she may be found, I won't answer for Valentine's not being by your bed-side the moment I quit it; and if he be, unless I can satisfy him upon this subject, his passion is so ungovernable, I wouldn't answer for

the consequences." "Why he *is* an infernal brute," said he, "but why did he *foist* the girl upon me? like all gamesters, he has been foiled in his own tricks, and then he would be revenged on the dice:—why did he play a game his thick head was unequal to?" "But," said I, "if he knew where his daughter were, his vengeance would subside, and you would be freed from his persecutions."—Not that I thought so; but my drift was to draw the story of Violetta's fall out of him. "I don't know where she is," said he; "I suppose my rascal of a valet went off with her, for they gave me the slip together." "Why," said I, "did you not tell Valentine this when he met you in France; or in the wood, where he horsewhipped you?" "He wouldn't have believed me," replied he, "he's such a brute; and unless I could have told him where she was I should have had a bullet through my brains; so I

thought it wisest to give him the slip. Indeed my coming to England was a foolish thing ; but I got so deep in for it in Paris, on the strength of my *large estates* here—for I did the thing handsomely, and puffed away about 'em—that the French fellows were after me, and I took a trip to Calais ; and, being so near England, thought I'd come over and recruit a bit ; for I've one good thing here free from mortgage, and the man I sent for is my agent, and the only one who knows where to write to me."

"Still, Sir Lionel," said I, "having ruined the daughter—" "*I ruin her?*" replied he, "not I, believe me ; my rascal of a valet and she gave me the slip together, I tell you ; and, perhaps, its better as it is." "Upon my word, Sir Lionel," rejoined I, "you speak of the circumstance in so unfeeling a manner, and with so little regard to common decency, that nature revolts

too much at your manner to give any credit to your assertion."

"I can't help that," said he, "I know no more about her than you do, and have no more to account for her on the score of what you call *ruin* than you have." "Seriously?" said I. "Upon my *honour*," said he, emphatically—*honour!* wasn't it odd?—

The information I had received from Lovel embarrassed me extremely; for though it corroborated part of Royer's narrative, it left me in the dark as to whom Violetta owed her degradation: I imagined that the villain Royer, during the operation of the soporific drug, had perpetrated the horrid act himself: and that she, upon discovering her lost situation, as well as from her mind's being weakened by persecution, had by degrees, through excess of misery, and abandoned by all, been induced to submit to be—a companion of Royer! Horrid conclusion!—I could get nothing

more out of the Baronet; so, to prevent murder, or some other dreadful effect of Valentine's rage, I wrote the note Sir Lionel requested; despatched it by a messenger, and then joined Valentine in a private room, where I had directed him to wait for me. I told him Sir Lionel's story, Royer's relation, and my *own* folly—all equally relating to Violetta—and I confirmed his first notion, that it *was* his daughter he saw in London; but afforded him as little satisfaction as to the knowledge of who her spoiler was as I possessed myself. He sat looking at me, with what I may term the stupidity of wonder, for some time, and then said—" *Lovel* not destroy her? *Royer* save her? I believe neither; the rest I do, because *you* say it—he was her destroyer"—bursting out, "and he shall never leave this house alive—" He started up; I sprang to the door, locked it, and took out the key—"Hold, madman!" said I, "will mur-

dering him restore your daughter's honour?" "No!" roared he, "but it will revenge it; and revenge on such a wretch is *noble*." By degrees, however, I reasoned him into a better temper of mind.

"And *you* would have married her, scandalized as she was?" said he. "Fool! fool that I was!" and he beat his forehead with his clenched fists.— "I'll go to London, directly, and find her, and hide her dishonour in the flinty bosom of the wretched father that caused it:—yet to let that fiend who destroyed her escape—O, Mr. Marmaduke, (*stamping about the room as he spoke,*) you are not a father—you cannot feel as I do—God forbid you ever should!" While we were talking, I overheard the landlord conversing with some men on the stairs; one of whom said, "We must have him"— "Have whom?" cried Valentine. As Valentine had grown calm, I had un-

locked the door; I jarred it, listened, and discovered that they were bailiffs, employed to arrest Sir Lionel. I stepped out, and said, "Sir Lionel, gentlemen, is very ill; so, if the law empower you to force your way into his room, use all the delicacy you can." "O, never fear that, sir," said one, "I haven't *trapped* the best of 'em so often not to know my cue; I always treats a gemman like one, if so be as how he shews blood as a gemman should." They proceeded to Lovel's room. "Well, thank fate, he's safe, however," said Valentine; "and now I can go off to town with more ease of mind; I shall know how to get at him; and I haven't done with him yet." I advised his speedy departure; and, as he had spoken of his being in possession of very little money, delicately asked him if I could be of any service in that respect. He candidly owned a few shillings was all he had,

but he said he would have walked all the way, and begged, if he had none, before he would have asked me. I gave him a few pounds, and a letter to Welford to supply him with what money he thought would be proper—in short, to do for him that which his own good heart, and rational head, dictated; placing the whole to my account. Valentine could scarcely articulate his thanks, and soon left the house.

By this time the person for whom I had sent, at Sir Lionel's request, arrived; but the sum for which the Baronet was arrested was too great for him to procure bail for; and, as the writ was what is called *returnable* that night, he was removed in a chaise to the county jail.

“There's one of your *quality* folks,” said the landlord. “In London,” (said I in my Description,) “*also* in the *country*—it is to be remarked that people *without*

rank appear to take a singular pleasure in the embarrassment of those who possess it—isn't it odd? I'm sorry for it; because, being proud of my country, I am concerned, very much concerned, whenever I discover among my countrymen any trait of that despicable vice meanness; for this spirit, or rather want of spirit, arises from the envy which the exaltation of others excites in little minds, which can look no farther than to appearances. Gradations of rank are necessary to the formation of a state; but happiness is not dependant upon any one of them: the bottom stair is of as much consequence as the top one; for if there be not a bottom one, a second, a third, and so on to the top one, how could access be obtained to a higher apartment?—"Don't come over me with the pride of your dirty stairs," says Looney Mactwolter, in Colman's laughable farce of the Review, "my father had a beautiful ladder." But the

ladder had *steps* or how would he have got into the loft? Falling greatness is an object of pleasure to none but selfish minds; and to such as, who, if they possessed rank, would certainly disgrace it.

“ By-the-by,” said Fubbs, “ that’s a *modern* failing.” “ *Very ancient in practice,*” said I.

CHAP. IX.



“WHAT will you please to have for dinner to-day, gentlemen?” said the landlady. “Shall we order a dinner of the *ancients*, Fubbs,” said I, “and have some Lacedæmonian black broth?” “No,” said he, “I’ve a modern stomach, I’m never classical out of school; order what you like for dinner, and let us go out and philosophize while it is getting ready.” “Get what you like, landlady,” said I, “we’re not very particular—” “As long as it’s remarkably nice, and plenty of it,” said Fubbs; “and we’ll have the *black broth* after dinner,” said I. “*In vino veritas*,” said he, and we

strolled away on our ramble. We passed near the village church; the door was open, and we walked in. I always experience a most tranquillizing sensation on entering a country church; the simplicity of most country churches diffuses over my mind this feeling more than the grandeur of London churches does; and while the latter strike one with a notion of the greatness of the Deity, the former invest one with an affectionate sense of his goodness—the unadorned and humble style of architecture, with the chaste and quiet *tout ensemble* of the interior, invite the mind to repose without disquieting itself with vain fears on that awful Being, who, although the “fulness of majesty,” sanctifies with his beneficent presence the rustic receptacle of his undistinguished worshippers, and accepts it as the *house of God*, where he is pleased to dwell, equally with the most splendid and magnificent temple that the most exalted science can erect, aided

by the uncircumscribed offerings of kings and states. “Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there will I be in the midst,” said our God—our Saviour! O, what a different being is man from what God made him! With what hauteur or indifference, in his imagined greatness, the son of pride, of wealth, of power, looks down upon a small group of his humble brethren, worshipping; and stands aloof, as if saying with the Pharisee, “I thank thee, Lord, I am not as other men are;” while in the *midst* of those he looks down upon is the God *he* is praying to! Does he leave the church *justified*?

There was a neat tablet in the church, the only decoration of its whitewashed walls, save the table of commandments, the Lord’s prayer, the creed, and a small list of benefactions; with here and there a text painted in black letters. This tablet was placed there to perpetuate the memory of *Violetta Valentine*—

“Isn't it odd?” said I to Fubbs. “Odd that a woman should be buried,” said he, “who, by the date, died about one-hundred-and-fifty years ago?” “Pish!” said I—“No; but that mementos of Violetta should obtrude themselves upon me go where I will.” “We must get out of their way,” said he; and, taking my arm, he led me out of the church, and proposed that we should copy for our *tour* some of the whimsical epitaphs, with which church-yards abound; where, notwithstanding,

“Many an *holy text* around she strews,
To teach the rustic moralist to die,”

certainly, there are no places into which more glaring incongruities enter than into church-yards, for

Many a *bellman's verse* around *he* strews,
To teach the *scorn-struck* moralist to *laugh*.

By *he*, I mean not the *muse*, but the *mason* who cuts such memorials. It is

really imperative upon the guardians of the church, if they have the power, to put a stop to this burlesque of all that is serious and solemn. In this church-yard I found the following:

*Here lays my Parents who did die,
Kind Reader, drop a Tear;
This Tombstone to their memory* [*if you must
read, of course.*]
I rais'd who now lays here.

Sacred to the Memory of *John Wimple*, who died, &c.

Also to the Memory of *Mary his Wife*, who died, &c.

Likewise to the Memory of *John Wimple*,
their only Son;

Except two Daughters, *Mary*, who died, &c. and
Jane, who died, &c.; and all *lay* buried here.

To whose Remains the aforesaid *John Wimple* hath
erected this Stone.

Isn't it odd?

Now, reader, have you not seen *grave* burlesques equal to this in *many* church-yards? Yet, notwithstanding the absurd nature of its composition, this epitaph tells a most pathetic tale of filial love and mortality. A son tells you he erected this stone to the memory of *both*

his parents, and thus, without a piteous parade, tells you he is an orphan ; and concludes with the same awful intimation you so frequently meet with when reading the patriarchal genealogies—"and he *died*"—reading which is said to have given one of Elizabeth's prime ministers the first serious thoughts of transferring his mind from the business of *time* to that of *eternity*. But the stone-graver tells you more, (though in Terence's manner,) that there were more of the family, and that they also—*died*—but if the *son* had not previously told you that *he* erected the monument, you would be at a loss to know whether he or the *father* raised it ; and you are still at a loss, notwithstanding the *discriminative* information of *both*, whether the son erected it before or *after* his *own* death, or those of his sisters, who lived some years after him. The only way we can reconcile it is, to suppose that the son left it in his will that a stone

should be put over the family grave, when *all* were gone to where "the weary are at rest." Now, the epitaph, had it been put into proper verse, would have affected the reader, if he thought at all—but as it is, *risum teneatis, amici?*

I have understood there is an authority vested in the rector or vicar to reject all improper epitaphs; why then is it not exercised? Why is such nonsense, and sometimes impiety, admitted, as our eyes are shocked with, *often?* Death is not to be sported with. Epitaphs should either inspire us with holy hope, humility, or resignation; warn us by instance, and teach us by example; or they are *vanities*.

While Fubbs was copying the inscriptions, I fell into conversation with the sexton, (a simple, but intelligent, old man,) relative to the tablet I had seen—for any thing that *glanced* at Violetta, somehow, still hung "about the neck of my heart"—he told me that a family

of note of that name lived in the parish formerly; and that there was a very old-fashioned house, much decayed, half a mile from the church, which still bore the name of *Valentine Hall*; but none of the name lived there, nor had in his memory. Now, I felt a great inclination to see this Valentine Hall; and determined, after dinner, to stroll there, but not to make Fubbs acquainted with my reason, that he might not divert me from my design; so, having rewarded the sexton for his information—

“ In London,” (said I, &c.) “ bribes, or *remunerations*, or *gratuities*, are the principal passports to *knowledge*, or *enjoyment*, or *participation*—*douceurs* being as requisite as retaining fees, or fees of office; only French politesse has *softened down* the term to *recollections*, or *reminiscences*.” Having, therefore, gratified the sexton by a reminiscence, and Fubbs having completed his collection of *grave* memorials, we returned to the

house to dinner; after which, Fubbs falling into a nap, as was frequently the *ancients'* custom after dinner, I rambled to the place described by the sexton, and discovered the object I sought. It was the habitable ruin of what had been a large mansion, covered with ivy; and in a small piece of front garden, surrounded by broken wooden rails, I saw leaves, the stems of which had borne, in the season, *violets* and *primroses*; wasn't it odd? I surveyed them sorrowfully; and, with my pencil, wrote on the bar of the white railing—

Poor primrose ! though thy leaves be green,
The flow'r is wither'd—by thy side
The violet bloom'd ; and ye were seen
Like two young lovers, fondly wooing :
Blight seiz'd the violet ! farewell !
Her downfall was thine own undoing—
Thy spirit wither'd when she fell.

To speak truth—nor was it *odd*—the sight of these emblems of my *first love*, and at *Valentine Hall*, with the reflec-

tions consequent, excited such sensations that I felt (if I may apply the phrase) my spirit wither—indeed, the result of my unfortunate attachment affected me too deeply to escape the observation of my friends. “*First love cannot die,*” cried I; and left the spot, deeming it unwise to tantalize my feelings longer. On leaving the spot, I proceeded to the post town (which was the one appointed by us for the transmission of the first letters our friends wrote) and received two for myself, and one for Fubbs, to whom I delivered it upon my return to our quarters. The letters to me were from Artherton and Royer; the latter’s hand I had had many opportunities of knowing, but, my mind not being then in a condition to dwell upon past events, I put his letter into my pocket to read at some future opportunity, and opened Artherton’s, which informed me that “he had, at last, made an impression on Kathleen’s heart; and

his declaration of love had been received by her with more than complacency, and that O'Rourke appeared not only to have no objection to their union, but that the benevolent Irishman and himself were constant companions."

"*Simile simili gaudet*," said I; "an accordancy of principle is the source of friendship; you are both generous souls, and Heaven reward you."

"Friendship, *here*" (said I, in my Description of London,) "as *elsewhere*, is more frequently a compact of *interest* than *principle*"—yet are there a few select souls sensibly alive to all the reciprocal sympathies of pure and disinterested friendship. The profound Bacon says, "There is little friendship in the world, and least of all between equals, which was wont to be magnified; that that is is between superior and inferior, whose fortunes may comprehend one and the other." Hourly experience proves the truth of this position. Perhaps it may

be considered a providential circumstance; which, by making affluence thus dependant upon necessity for a participation of a happiness human nature cannot conveniently forego, gives the latter an imperative claim upon the former for an amelioration of its wants; indeed, mutual dependance appears to be the foundation of all friendship; and in this light we may consider that species of friendship which has been observed to exist between men and irrational animals; as, for instance, a man and his dog—that emblem of fidelity and sagacity—of which latter trait a gentleman, who frequently used the house we were at, told us *this* evening a remarkable instance, productive of a whimsical consequence.

A friend of his, in a large market town, had a valuable Newfoundland dog, which had once preserved his life; the animal, which was called *Rover*, having run a thorn into his foot during

a few days' absence of his master from home, the family had taken no further notice of it than observing that the dog limped; and, by the time his master returned, the poor creature's leg as well as foot was in a most inflamed state, and he could not walk. Alarmed at his situation, his master ordered his footman to *carry* him to his surgeon, who extracted the thorn, and dressed the wound; in a short time Rover was able to limp tolerably well: and the master, knowing the dog's sagacity, used to turn him out at the time of the morning he used to be *carried*, and the dog regularly went to the surgeon's, scratched at the door till admitted, and then walked regularly into the surgery, where his foot was dressed as usual, till he was perfectly cured; notwithstanding which, habit prompted him to continue his visits at the regular hour; when the surgeon used good-humouredly to take the foot in

his hand, and say, "Well, Rover, your foot is well, you need come no more." As long as some notice was taken of the foot, Rover thought it was *professional* service, and departed well satisfied; but, not understanding the words, he continued his visits for a fortnight. At length, one morning the surgeon was surprised to find he did not depart after the customary handling the foot; but that he whined, and fidgetted, making towards the door, then returning and staring the doctor in the face, whining and wagging his tail; till, finding he was not understood, he took the doctor's coat skirt in his teeth, and endeavoured to pull him along. The doctor, concluding there was some reason for this, followed him to the door, against which Rover scratched; the doctor opened it, and, lo, there stood another lame dog, which Rover had brought with him, and which the servant had shut out.

not considering him a companion of Rover's. The good-natured doctor took the dog in, performed what was necessary to his leg, and Rover and his companion went away, but returned regularly every day at the same hour, till the strange dog was cured. Nor was this the only dog he had to cure; for every lame or wounded dog Rover became acquainted with, he regularly accompanied to the doctor, who, from the whimsicality of the thing, as well as from humanity, cured them all; and, as gratitude—we must call it—from them all, attached them to him, wherever any of them saw the doctor they were sure to follow him; sometimes two, three, or even six together; and, as dogs generally run to where they see a number of their own species, strange dogs joined them, till at last the doctor became so well known to all the dogs in the town that the moment he shewed his face

out of his own door his canine retinue began to attend him, increasing as he went along, till sometimes he had two or three dozen at a time ; and at last it became a nuisance to him, as he became an object of public observation and laughter, and he went by the *soubriquet* of Doctor *Dog-star* ; yet, by the circumstance making him a constant theme of conversation, and its originating in proofs of his skill, it actually increased his business, and the *Dog-star* rose in his profession.

The next day, taking a stroll alone, I again wandered towards the neighbourhood of Valentine Hall, and stopped to take a sketch of a very romantic scene which presented itself. It was the remains of a monastic ruin, surrounded by luxuriant shrubbery, and wild flowers, with a piece of water, over which hung “ the weeping willow ; ” and having selected an advantageous spot from which to take it, in emerg-

ing from a sort of thicket, I suddenly came upon an object that heightened the interest of the scene—an elegantly formed female, tastefully dressed in simple white, with a shawl, and a straw bonnet, draperied by a veil—she sat with her back to me, and held a paper in her hand, which she seemed intently surveying; and as the grass had prevented the echo of my feet, I approached her so closely that, over her shoulder, I could read the lines on the paper distinctly, and, to my indescribable astonishment, they were a copy of the very lines I had, the morning before, written upon the railings of Valentine Hall!—wasn't it odd? The lady moving, I glided behind the bush, and, upon her rising, watched her path, which appeared to be towards the Hall; and I dexterously stole round among the windings of the shrubbery and ruins, and circuitously came in front of her; determined to pass her

and behold the features of whoever it might be who appeared to take such an interest in what I had written. When we approached sufficiently nigh to each other for our features to be mutually discovered—though hers *I* could not discern for her veil—she tottered, and leant against a tree for support, as if she were either suddenly ill, or strongly affected; I ran to support her, and discovered through the veil, the face of—*Violetta!*—The sudden and unexpected sight confused me; and I hurried from her, in disgust, without speaking, or once looking behind me, and hastened to Fubbs; to whom I said, “We’ll leave this place immediately.” “After dinner,” replied he, coolly—“but what has ruffled your spirits so?”—I told him. “I wish you hadn’t seen her,” said he; and he appeared chagrined. Recollecting Royer’s letter, I had now the curiosity to peruse it. After the most animated professions

of gratitude, he declared that I had been grossly deceived in the person I had taken in London for Violetta Valentine, whose name was *Eliza Fox*: and that this was the intelligence he had promised me. I was thunder-struck; and could not believe my eyes: however, I read on.—“Violetta,” he said, “was carried away by Sir Lionel, but what became of her he could not tell. On his (Royer’s) coming to town, after absconding from his master, with whom he had a quarrel in a chaise, in which they were carrying Violetta off, he met *Eliza Fox*, whose extraordinary likeness to Violetta struck him with astonishment, (she was a bad character,) and having by accident, discovered my residence, being (through the information of Sir Lionel, Valentine, and the servant-maid who lived with Valentine,) in possession of almost every circumstance relative to the attachment between me and Violetta, (who he sup-

posed was gone to France,) he fabricated, in conjunction with Eliza, the stratagem already detailed, to make a property of me. He took care, before they commenced operations, that Eliza should several times see me and Welford that she might be perfectly in possession of our features before any meeting took place between us; and with what he was ignorant of, (relative to my connexions and other circumstances,) by address and perseverance, he fully informed himself. The circumstance of my preserving his life favoured his scheme, by procuring him an introduction to me; and the reason he confessed to me that he had been Sir Lionel's servant was this,—he conceived, from the account Sir Lionel had given of what he was pleased to call my "*romantic stupidity*," in regard to Violetta, that I should be very eager to *know more of him*, to obtain some intelligence about her; and from a conversation be-

tween Valentine and Sir Lionel, he had learned the circumstances relative to the primrose-bank, and the violets; and through Valentine's maid, (who had overheard Violetta telling it to the housekeeper, who was in her confidence,) the fact of the purse, seal, and locket having been presents from Violetta. He accounted for his knowledge of the *tune we danced to* through his having been with Sir Lionel at the village where my father lived, on the very night when I danced with Violetta; and as she and I were subjects of general conversation, one of the servants had remarked *how well we had danced in one of the dances, and the tune to which we had danced*, in order to specify which dance he meant. Royer afterwards recollected this, and converted the knowledge of it to a furtherance of his design. The letter from my father he had been enabled to forge through the means Welford

suspected; and as he was acquainted with the post-mark of the place where my father lived he fabricated that also.—He said, likewise, that Fox went in public by her assumed as well as her own name, as suited her convenience.

“What am I to think of this letter?” said I to Fubbs, throwing it to him:—he read it, and replied, “It appears to me to be worthy much attention.” “Nonsense,” rejoined I, “do you not see through the thing? this woman, depending upon her art, has followed me down; and he has written this incredible account to second her arts, and facilitate some new stratagem. He is too minute in his explanations for truth; and, beyond that, is it possible that, if there were a woman like Violetta she could bear such a resemblance to her as to deceive me?” “The thing is possible,” said he: “I remember reading a fact upon record which occurred in the sixteenth century at *Artigues*, in

upper Languedoc, in point:—a farmer named *Martin Guerre*, who was married and had one son, on account of a quarrel with his father-in-law, left his wife and family suddenly, and was not heard of for two or three years. He returned as unexpectedly as he went, to the great joy of his wife and their relations, and every thing went on comfortably for three years longer, when a stranger coming to the village, and being in company with the wife's uncle, hearing the name of *Martin Guerre* mentioned, said that, a few months before, he had been in company with a soldier of that name, who had told him he had a wife and child in Languedoc; that he left his family in a pet, but comfortably provided for, and that, when he could get his discharge, he should return; also that he had lost a leg at the battle of St. Quintin.

“ This created a strange alarm, as *Martin's* wife with all his family were

completely deceived ; and the wife was with difficulty persuaded to prosecute the impostor, so convinced was she of his identity ; besides she had borne three children to him. However, prosecuted he was—its a long story, so I shall cut it short, and omit his examination before the criminal judge of Rieux, who *eventually condemned him*, though Martin's four sisters swore he was their brother, and the rest of the family swore to his identity—and he answered every question put to him relative to family circumstances, names, places, dates, and incidents, connected with the affairs of Martin Guerre, in an unembarrassed and succinct manner ; and very rationally accounted for the time he had been absent. He appealed to the Parliament of Toulouse ; for, he said, the whole was a scheme of the uncle's, to put him out of the way, to get his property into his possession.

“ The Parliament sent at once to the

province where the real *Martin Guerre* was said to be, and on the day of trial, the prisoner was confronted with the *wooden-legged man*: the *little* difference which was in their features and appearance thus became evident to the family, though the impostor, whose name proved to be *Arnold du Tilb* (and who had lived but a few miles from Martin, though they were strangers to each other, till Arnold served two years with him in the army) brazened it out, but in vain: he was condemned and executed; first hanged, and then burned to ashes before Martin Guerre's house; acknowledging the imposture before his execution.

"Martin was reconciled to all his family, (allowing for their misconception,) except his wife; with whom he never would live; for he said, 'a wife has ways of knowing her husband, unknown to all the world.'

"Now, although I am of Martin's opi-

nion, in regard to the impossibility of a wife being mistaken in such a case, I think you might, after such a preparatory train of deceptions as were practised upon you to agitate your mind, mistake one Violetta for another; as you had seen Violetta, after leaving her when she was fifteen, but *once* till, (as you supposed) that evening, when six or seven years had elapsed, and after she had been harassed about, which would produce an alteration; and the artful manner in which she told her story worked upon your enthusiastic and sensitive mind, at a moment when your passions were highly excited, by extraordinary but not unprecedented art. You may say that Welford, who saw her next day, would be cooler; but he had in the same space of time, seen her but once; and, then, he was not in love with her; consequently, was as liable to be deceived; nay, more so—and, indeed, in your usual *ardour* (smil-

ing) you assisted to deceive yourself; and don't deceive yourself now—read that.”—He gave me the letter I had brought from the post for him; it was from O'Rourke—it recited that “ he had made inquiries, in consequence of a confession Royer had made, and ascertained that the person I had taken for Violetta was an impostor; that since, by accident, he had discovered a clue to the *real* Violetta; and, also, that she was undoubtedly innocent; but that he should disclose nothing of it to me till he were in possession of her present residence; but he desired Fubbs to act discretionarily with me about it, as the state of my mind might require, and as he *in his wisdom* thought fit.”

I could not discredit this—and I now wondered that, when I saw Violetta, the improbability of the other's following me so quickly (when my destination was a secret to all but our own circle) did not strike me. “ Heavens,” said I,

“ what shall I do?” “ *Leave this place immediately,*” replied Fubbs, with a sardonic grin. “ Never, till I have satisfied myself,” said I; “ I’ll go to Valentine Hall instantly, for there she must reside.” “ No, no,” said he, “ stay where you are, you’ll be making bad worse; I’ll go myself—I know where it is; the landlord mentioned it to me among other places:” And off he set, leaving me scarcely sensible whether I were awake or in a dream. I sat down, and began a dozen long letters to Violetta, tearing them all when I had nearly finished them, for none were written to my satisfaction. Violetta still innocent! and I had treated her with contempt! if Royer and the other wretch had been before me I should have torn them piecemeal. Fubbs came back sooner than I expected. “ Have you seen her?” hastily demanded I. “ No,” answered he, in a tone of disappointment. (I,)—“ Whom did you see?” “ Mother Wag-

staff, and a plague to her," said he, "*isn't it odd?*" "Well, well!" said I, "pray tell me all!" "Why, then I will," said he: "I went to Valentine Hall, knocked at the door, and a girl came, who asked what I wanted. I told her I wanted to speak to the lady of the house—for not knowing who she was, nor whether Violetta was there or no, I had no other mode of asking for her—she went in, and came out again to know my name and business; I sent in for answer, that I did not suppose she knew my name, which was Fubbs; and that my business I could communicate to no one but herself. After staying some time longer, kicking my heels, I was asked in, and shewn into a large old oak pannelled parlour—furnished, I suppose before the flood; from the antiquity of the chairs and tables—and in soon walked, or rather hobbled, my old acquaintance, Mrs. Wagstaff, supported by a crutch-stick. We recog-

nised each other immediately: 'Why, Mrs. Wagstaff,' said I, 'who'd have thought of meeting you here?' 'And who, my good old neighbour,' said she, 'would have thought of seeing you here?' We complimented each other upon our looks—of which procedure I set the example; for I knew my man; besides, the dear creatures all love flattery till ninety-four, and as many years after as they can listen to it. She asked me what I would take; I said, 'nothing yet; I came to clear up a little mistake that has happened.' '*What mistake?*' said she. 'Pray,' says I, 'in the first place, does not Miss Valentine live here?' 'No,' said she, '*she does not live here.*' 'On a visit, I presume,' said I. 'Yes, she's *gone* on a visit some miles off,' said she.—That's odd, thinks I. 'I'm sorry for it,' said I; 'I should like to have seen her, I haven't seen her so long, and she was always a favourite of mine, you know; we should have laughed

about her burning my wig, and all the little pranks she played me.' ' *Hah!*' said she, very drily, and rather sarcastically. ' However,' said I, ' about this little mistake—this morning a certain young friend of *ours*, who at present shall be nameless'—' *Hah!*' said she again, (raising her head with a gentle jerk, and off went her spectacles, which I picked up with infinite alacrity, and began rubbing the glasses bright—when ever you want to get gracious with an old lady, take snuff with her, polish her snuff-box, and wipe her spectacles, as long as you live—' this young friend, who isn't far off (*popping my finger in her box*)—this is excellent snuff, my dear Mrs. Wagstaff.' ' *Hah!*' said she provokingly, (taking a larger pinch than usual,)—well, sir?—' Why, perhaps you know?' ' O, *I know nothing*, said she. ' Well, *our friend*'—' *Your friend, he may be,*' said she. ' Well, my friend, then, this morning met—you know

whom.' ' *Me? O, I know nobody,*' said she. ' O, you were always a droll one,' said I; ' do you remember putting some jalap in my rum toddy, hey?—ah! those *were* days, my dear Mrs. Wagstaff!' ' *Hah!*' said she. She wouldn't bite I saw. ' You won't take a hint I see,' said I, ' so I must be plain.—Poor Marmaduke!' ' *Don't mention him,*' said she, ' *don't mention him.*' ' Well, but hear me through,' said I. ' *I'll hear nothing,*' said she, ' *that concerns him—an insolent, dirty, puppy—ah, sir, you may look—puppy, I say.*' ' But let me explain,' said I, ' *You needn't explain any thing,*' said she, ' *Violetta is gone from me since he saw her; she wants to have nothing to say to him, and I'll have nothing to say about him; and so, sir, if you can't talk on any other subject, I must wish you a good morning; though I'm very glad to see you, and wish you'd take a drop of something.*' ' A drop of nothing till you hear me,' said I. ' *Then, good morning, sir,*' said she; and, opening the door,

cried, ‘*Betty, let this gentleman out,*’ and hobbled into the next parlour, shutting the door after her. I felt very much inclined to stick a blanket pin which I saw the wrong end upwards, in her easy chair; but I didn’t like to hurt the old lass; for she meant well, as she always did, but never did any thing the right way. Betty opened the door, dropped me a curtsey, and here I am—isn’t it odd?”

“Miserable man that I am,” said I. “Don’t stand tragedizing,” said he; let’s see what’s to be done.” “I’ll go myself,” said I; and off I ran, without looking before me, went head over heels into a muddy ditch, and in that condition, the peasants staring at me, I arrived at the house, and knocked half a dozen times before Betty came; who, when she did come, stared at me *with all her eyes*, while she struggled with a laugh that was wriggling ‘about her mouth, but which, pursing her lips, and biting her cheeks, prevented. “Is

Mrs. Wagstaff at home?" hastily demanded I. "No, sir." "Is any body at home?" "No, sir." "When will anybody be at home?" "Don't know, sir." I slipped a crown into her hand—she looked at it, and then at me; seemed doubtful whether she ought to take it, and very loath to return it. "Nonsense," said I, observing her state of incertitude, "put it in your pocket." She did. "When will they be at home?" said I, insinuatingly. "I don't know, indeed, sir," said she; "but do you come from the gentleman who was here a little while ago, Mr. *Scrubbs*, I believe." "Yes, my dear," said I, delighted with the idea that *somebody* was expected to call; and who that *somebody* was is easily imagined: "yes, my dear," said I, rubbing my hands with joy. She went into one of the parlours. O, how I longed to peep in—to see how houses were furnished before the flood. She returned with a letter. "I was to give

you this if you called, sir," said she, gave it me, and shut the door gently, but determinedly, in my face. I have often given something to have a door opened to me; but never before to have it shut in my face. I tore open the letter without looking at the address; it was in Mrs. Wagstaff's hand—it ran thus—

"SIR,

"Miss Valentine has left this house to avoid you. "A. WAGSTAFF.

"To Mr. Merrywhistle."

"I'll not be fobbed off this way," thought I; and so I sat down upon a large stone in the front of the house, determined to catch a sight of either Mrs. Wagstaff or Violetta; for I didn't believe she had left the house. I had forgotten the dirty figure I cut—for I had on light-coloured clothes—Many passed: from some I got a stare; from others a grin; from others a downright

laugh; but I was a stoic, and determined to sit there till I saw them, if they were at home; and, if not, till they came home; and there I did sit, till Fubbs, tired of waiting for dinner, came for me. He couldn't help laughing when he saw me; said, "are you quite mad, Marmaduke? you are not going the right way, be assured; come, come, be advised; come home, and leave the rest to me; if they be in the house I'll have 'em out somehow, depend on't; if nothing but seeing her will satisfy you, you shall see her, if she be there, I give you my word; though, I dare say, you will not be any better off for the interview." I was quite passive; he took me by the arm, and led me back to the inn as fast as we could walk; set me down at the dinner-table, loaded my plate, and then fell himself to eating as hard as he could, but did not say a word; when he had done, he swallowed a couple of glasses of wine quickly after each

other, and saying, “ when you have done, go and make yourself *fit to be seen*, and I’ll be with you presently;” made his exit. I ate a little—but drank more than a bottle of wine, I was so irritated and mortified; and then—I went and dressed. I saw nothing of Fubbs till dark. “ Come along,” said he; and I followed him down stairs into the inn-yard, where stood a chaise-cart, and a horse in it. “ Am I to get into this?” said I. “ Heaven forbid!” said he, “ for it has been broken to pieces these six months; bless you, it wouldn’t carry a child: walk with us; lead on, boy.” The boy touched the horse, it proceeded with the chaise, and we followed. What he intended to do with it I was at a loss to guess; but he was such a master of trickery that I knew his plans had generally some feasible character in them; though they were frequently of a very eccentric nature. As we went along, he said to the lad,

“ Now, mind the *squall*, boy, and all I told you; and then there’s half-a-crown for you. I shall tell you what to do when we are in action,” (to me). At length we came near Valentine Hall, which stood alone; no house, in fact, was near it within a furlong. We stopped just before the gate; there, Fubbs bidding me lie down upon some grass on the side of the road, he and the boy overturned the cart; and, while the boy set up a yell, Fubbs set up a roar. A light appeared at one of the windows, another at the door. A lady in white was with Mrs. Wagstaff, and they both came out to see what occasioned the uproar. Pieces of the chaise-cart lay scattered about; and Fubbs had quietly laid himself down. The boy begged them to suffer the gentlemen who had been overturned to go in; and the young rascal began giving a description of *how it happened*, just as he was passing; and the horse stood very quietly, as if

he neither knew, nor cared, how it happened; which was, no doubt, something like the truth. At length the old lady said, "Come in? certainly;" and the two females and the maid came forward with lights. Fubbs said, "O, Mrs. Wagstaff!" "It's not Mrs. Wagstaff, sir," said she; "but we shall be happy to render you any assistance." "Limp in," whispered Fubbs to me; "we'll see how the land lies; and we must trust to address to bring us off. I hope that's Violetta in white." This was as he was slowly rising; but, for my part, I didn't like his trick, mad as I was to see Violetta. Fubbs limped in with the old lady, and I followed, till I got to the parlour-door, where I saw *the* Violetta—but her back was to me: I threw myself on my knees, caught her hand, and implored her to hear me; she screamed, turned round, said "*the man's mad*;" and neither her voice nor her face was Violetta's. The old lady

was equally alarmed, and screamed too; when Fubbs begged them not to be alarmed, and he would explain all. He then said, "It was unlucky our accident happened here; for there was a young lady here to-day to whom my friend is much attached, and there has been a little *miff* between them; not seeing that young lady's face he took her for the other, as their forms are equally elegant—(here the young lady began to be *softened down*)—the opportunity of being able to acknowledge his fault to her, and his vehement passion, have occasioned him to forget his pain; and I am sure *such* a mistake will be readily pardoned by the young lady, when she recollects it was her own person and manner that occasioned it." The young lady, who was really pretty, seemed very willing to admit the apology on account of the *cause*. I thanked her, though I looked confoundedly foolish, and affected to be lame; while

Fubbs kept feeling his bones; and at last said, "Well, no bones broken, however, and I don't mind a good shake; I believe I'm more frightened than hurt." "Shall we thank these ladies, and go?" said I. "Why," said he, "my hip is a little comical; and as sitting a little longer will do it more good than walking immediately, I trust we may intrude on these good ladies for a little longer house-room"—for his plan was not perfected. "By all means, sir," said the old lady. "You're very good, ma'am," said the old hypocrite. "You're a very great fool," thought I; but I took it quietly, and conversed with the young lady, who seemed to take a great interest in my lameness; and really we became very good friends. Fubbs helped the boy to turn the chaise up, and gather up the pieces; and told him to drive it up to the inn; gave him his half-crown, and he went away. "We can walk home," said he; "for we

could not get into that thing again: bless you, ma'am," "it's broken all to smash." "La! bless me," said she, "what a pity!" The old lady ordered the girl (who was the same I saw, and who stared at both Fubbs and me in a most whimsical manner, suppressing a grin every time she came in) to bring in supper; the young lady herself assisted, and the table was spread quickly with the remains of dinner, some ale, and two case-bottles of spirits. The old lady sadly wanted us to rub our bruises with brandy. Fubbs said, "he thought it better to apply it internally," tipped off a large glass, and made me follow his example. I tasted it, for I dared not refuse; I was in his hands completely. We sat down to supper; for the old lady was determined to take no denial; and Fubbs seemed *as* determined to give her none. "And so," said he, my good old friend, Mrs. Wag-

staff, is not at home ; nor my young friend and pupil, Miss Valentine ?” “ No, sir,” said the old lady ; “ they have been obliged suddenly to take a short journey ; and Mrs. Wagstaff sent to me—we are very old friends, and my family live but a quarter of a mile off—to look to the house a day or two till she returned ; and this young lady came to keep me company.” Fubbs chatted away, took snuff, and *hob-nobbed* in toddy with the old lady ; made the *agréable* to the young lady ; and tried every way to ingratiate himself—watching every opportunity to catch them tripping, and to elicit (to use his own words) “ *how the land lay.*” But we discovered nothing satisfactory relative to the place to which Violetta was gone ; though we heard sufficient both in *her* praise, and that of Fubbs’s “ good old friend,” whom he heartily wished—I don’t know where—for her *cross-grained*

reception of him in the morning. I was as pleasant as I could be ; paid *Miss Marleville* elegant compliments, who richly deserved them ; and at midnight we made our *cong  *, and walked out of the house without any symptom, from our *manner* of walking, of our having been overturned at all. “ It was a clumsy trick, Fubbs,” said I, “ It obtained you all I promised,” said he ; “ the certain knowledge of whether *Violetta* were there or no.”—Fubbs went to bed “ half seas over ;” I, *drowned* in reflection—but not of the nature to produce “ *pleasant dreams*.”

“ You had better return to London,” said Fubbs, “ and consult O’Rourke, leaving me here. I will see Mrs. Wagstaff on her return, and I’ll manage her, I warrant me ; I shall be a constant attendant upon the present inhabitant at Valentine Hall ; and you know I am not to be easily diverted from a resolution I have once formed ; nor to

be put out of my way by rebuffs during its execution." I coincided with his opinion, and made my preparations accordingly.

CHAP. XII.



THE next morning I parted from Fubbs, and, upon arriving in London, went immediately to O'Rourke's, where, entering the drawing-room unannounced, I surprised Artherton and Kathleentête-à-tête; and understood he was then entreating her to fix the wedding-day—it was *not* odd. What a pretty confusion I put them into! Mrs. O'Rourke joined us, wished me joy of the discovery which had been made of Eliza Fox's imposition, and expressed her hope that I should be able to discover the retreat of the real Violetta. She little suspected I had seen her. Having congratulated you," continued she, "and having a world of business upon my

hands, I shall now leave you three together till O'Rourke's return; and pray, Marmaduke, assist your friend Arther-ton in persuading that saucy girl to put us all out of suspense, by naming the *happy day*, when *you* are to wear a *bridesman's* favour." She left the room; and I placed my back against the door, to prevent Kathleen following her, which she attempted. The lovers looked—remarkably foolish—as lovers often do. I approached them; and, taking a hand of each, with the most perfect *nonchalance*, I joined them, saying—"This day week." I saw, by her *angry* looks, Kathleen meant to reprimand Arther-ton for my presumption—because *he* was in her power: and (I have said it before) people often revenge affronts from those not in their power upon those who are; and, as I had always an aversion to interfering in lovers' quarrels, I turned away from farther observation, to a table on which lay a folio book, full of

drawings, prints, caricatures, poetry, and prose—some of the latter two in manuscript, some cut out of books and newspapers, and all pasted in without any regard to order or connexion. “What do you call this book?” said I. “O, that’s my *gallimaufry*,” said Kathleen; “it will amuse you, I assure you.” I turned it over till my attention was arrested by

“ LINES

WRITTEN ON THE PALINGS OF VALENTINE HALL ;

By an Amatory Quixote.”

I need not say *what* lines followed ; and Artherton, when he saw my surprise, said, “ Isn’t it odd ? ” A new light darted through my mind. “ Kathleen,” said I, “ you knew more about that miniature we saw at the jeweller’s than you acknowledged.” “ To be sure I did,” said she. “ And you put it into Artherton’s pocket,” rejoined I. “ To be sure I did,” replied Kathleen ; “ but Artherton was ignorant of it, and of *why*

I did it, and how I managed it; but *you* shall know hereafter." Her tone told me she had not quarrelled *very* severely with Artherton; and I wished them joy of *that day week*, to which I heard no dissenting voice. O'Rourke came in. Every body knows—because every body has *somebody* whom they value, and who values them—what the greetings of dear friends, unexpectedly meeting, are. He said, "Artherton has put your nose out of joint, my boy, though I backed you; but I hope we shall put it *in* again some other way; so come with me, and leave that *pair*, or rather *couple*—for they are not *paired* yet—" "But are to be this day week," said I. "Are they?" said he, that's my birth-day; and, O, the capers we'll have! Thank God! the blood of honest old Thady will mingle with generous English blood, and the pride of the shamrock be grafted on the honour of the oak!—hurrah! but we'll have a

day of it!" and then, kissing Kathleen, who hung gratefully about him, he put her playfully off, whisked her into Artherton's arms, and whisked me out of the room in his usual way, leaving the lovers together. He was one of those men whom religion without superstition, and good humour with reflection, produce every where—all over the *civilized* world.

I followed him into the parlour. "So," said he, "you've been making another hole in your manners, as this letter from Fubbs tells me; I always told you, you was a bad boy, but we must get you out of that somehow. And now I've a long story to tell you; they've been at you with their tricks in all quarters—even Kathleen, the cratur, has been at it—But I'll tell you all circumstantially, without going about the bush playing at bo-peep, like hares in a rabbit-warren, as Terence would say—" he fathered

all his bulls upon Terence.—The story was as follows :

“ Mrs. James and Kathleen were, one morning during a walk, accosted by a very interesting young woman, dressed like an upper servant, who appeared much fatigued, and inquired her way to a distant town. They learned from her that she had already walked six miles. Mrs. James made her go home with her, and take some refreshment ; not only on account of the fatigue under which she laboured, but for the purpose of conversing with her ; as her mode of speaking indicated a superior mind. She represented herself as an orphan ; that she had left a situation of lady’s maid, and was proceeding to the town she mentioned, to another lady, who, she had been informed, required an attendant.

“ Mrs. James, having a friend who wanted such a person, said, if her character answered, she would obtain her

the situation, and sent her footman to the lady the young woman had left with a letter, requesting her character; the footman, having gone on horseback, soon returned with the following letter:

“ MADAM,

“ Maria Smith is a sensible, clever, useful girl; and I never saw anything but what was *unexceptionable* in her conduct. My reason for parting from her was—in *confidence*—she was too pretty; and I have a son, whom I wish to keep out of the way of danger; and I think it but right towards the young woman to state this explicitly; for she is really a modest creature, and anything but forward. I have busied myself to get her a place; and if she do not suit you have the goodness to let me know, as I shall certainly endeavour to provide her.

“ I am, Madam,

“ Your obedient Servant,

“ AMELIA ORTON.

“ Mrs. James, &c.”

“What family was there at Mrs. Orton’s?” said Mrs. James to Maria. “Only Mr. and Mrs. Orton and their son, ma’am,” returned the girl. *Mrs. James* — “What sort of people are they?” *Maria* — “Very good kind of people, ma’am.” *Mrs. James* — “The son steady, or one of the present fashionable coxcombs?” *Maria* — “He seems to possess a good disposition, but is a spoiled child, and something of a pedant.” *Mrs. James* — “Was you constantly about the person of Mrs. Orton?” *Maria* — “Either that, or confined to her own room, working; and, indeed, what with dressing, working for, and reading to, her, I had scarcely an idle moment in the day.”

After some more indirect *scrutinizing* questions, Mrs. James satisfied herself that Maria had not in the least endeavoured to draw young Hopeful into danger; so the place of her friend was procured for her, and Maria removed, that night, to the house of Mrs. *Sackville*, which

was but three doors from Mrs. James's ; and the carrier being charged with conveying her clothes from Mrs. O's to Mrs. S's, every thing was comfortably arranged.

Kathleen being perpetually at Mrs. Sackville's, such a kind of intimacy as often takes place between discerning young ladies and sensible ladies' maids, of conciliating manners and modest demeanour, took place between Kathleen and Maria ; and, as they sat working together one day with Mrs. Sackville, the conversation came up, somehow, about *my chaise* adventure with Kathleen—"and," said Mrs. S. "that young gentleman, I am told by my friend James, is likely to become your beau, Kathleen." "Nonsense," replied Kathleen. "Why nonsense," rejoined Mrs. S., "if the young man be as *interesting* as he is represented?—(remember Mrs. S. said this) but then he has such a comical name — *Merrywhistle*." Kathleen,

looking up at the instant, observed Maria turn pale, who immediately left the room; Kathleen thought it odd; but took no notice to Mrs. S.

The next time Kathleen and Maria were together at their needle, the latter having asked for some material they were using, Kathleen purposely gave it to her wrapped in part of a letter written by me, by O'Rourke's desire, to Mrs. James; and that part of it which exhibited my *signature*, and an effect correspondent with the preceding was produced upon Maria; with the exception that she did not leave the room. Subsequently, and frequently, Kathleen repeated such trials; which invariably occasioned similar results, though the effect of each repetition was weaker than each previous one. At last, Kathleen openly conversed with her upon the subject Mrs. S. had alluded to; yet said nothing of her own feelings in regard to me, but

remarked that *I* had never made any advances to her—a tear stole down Maria's cheek, which she hastily (and, as she thought, unnoticed,) effaced.—In short, by degrees Kathleen discovered that Maria was *the* Violetta she had heard Mrs. James and O'Rourke frequently mention; discovered that Mr. Merrywhistle possessed her heart; and, eventually, obtained a knowledge of all the incidents relative to our attachment; the engagement with Sir Lionel; her escape from him, and her subsequent life; which I subjoin.

When Valentine informed his daughter that Sir Lionel had produced the license; that they were to be married within three days, and that Lovel was to dine with them the next day, Violetta gave herself up for lost, and implored the support of that Being who is never implored, by *sincerity*, in vain; and passed the evening with the house-keeper, to whom, in tears, she related

her distress. The housekeeper said, "Miss Violetta, your father has told me of the dinner; that *Royer* is to wait at table, and Sir Lionel is to send some very fine wine for *you*—God knows, and God forgive me if I am wrong—but, don't drink the wine, Miss; there are very wicked things done; and I've known young ladies destroyed by putting sleeping draughts into their wine before now. I have seen a great deal of the world, Miss, bad as well as good; *bad* mayn't be the case now, but don't drink the wine—I dare say he'll make your poor wrapped-up father—for he's so wrapped up in him that it's more than one's place is worth to give him a hint, and I could give him many—he'll soon make him top-heavy, and *then*, he gets stupid, you know; and if you should be overcome too I wouldn't answer for the consequences." Violetta took her advice, and refused to take wine: her father reprimanded her;

Sir Lionel entreated, but to no purpose : she said her head ached, and she would not drink ; and that if Sir Lionel had any regard for her he would not press her. He discontinued, but plied her father the more, though she kept entreating him not to drink ; yet, being the wine from his own cellar, she had no notion Royer could have drugged that. She was several times going to leave the room, but Sir Lionel entreated her to stay ; her father insisted ; and partly for that reason, and partly under the hope of preventing her father drinking in so violent a manner as that in which he was proceeding, she remained ; till, to her indescribable terror, she saw her father fall back in his chair as if he were dead ; she screamed ; Royer stopped her mouth ; and by the assistance of Sir Lionel, in spite of her struggles, carried her out of the room, and forced her into a chaise ; into which both he and Royer got. The night was

dark, and they drove off at a very hard rate, through bye-lanes. On the road, the Baronet and Royer, (who was as drunk as his master,) disputed about the way they should take, and at last it came to a downright quarrel: the Baronet made the postboy stop, and then ordered Royer to leave the chaise and ride behind; he refused, and the baronet taking one of a pair of pistols from the chaise pocket presented it at Royer's head, and swore he would fire if he persisted—Royer jumped out; and, for revenge, (while the boy was putting up the steps and shutting the door, neither of which the other would do,) with a large pocket-knife he always carried, he divided one of the traces, and then ran off, as Violetta supposed, for she never saw him more. The postboy, on discovering the injury, acquainted Sir Lionel with it, who was necessitated to leave the carriage to assist him in repairing it, before he could proceed.

Violetta, (who was naturally courageous,) the instant she was rid of Sir Lionel, took the other pistol out of the pocket, cocked it, and jumped out of the chaise; and Sir Lionel in his confusion, having omitted to close the door, enabled her to do so with less liability to observation: Sir Lionel saw her running off, and moved to follow, when she fired; the horses, starting, ran off at full speed, and Sir Lionel was knocked down by the wheel, which facilitated her escape; as apprehension gave her strength and speed: he was too intoxicated to run far with either; and the boy had run after his carriage. Violetta, turning into a crossing lane, met a carrier with a tilted cart, and entreated him to save her, telling him the *facts* to interest him in her cause. He concealed her instantly in the cart, covered the aperture with the tilt cloth, and pursued his way, tra-

versing the lane out of which she came ; but they saw not Sir Lionel.

A female in the caravan composed Violetta as well as she was able ; for the dear girl's strength and spirits were exhausted, and her nerves irritated to an alarming degree. About four in the morning they reached the carrier's cottage, (which was about three miles from the town where he halted,) and he left Violetta in the care of his wife, to whom she imparted who she was, and where her father resided ; and attempted to write a letter, but was too ill, from the high state of excitation to which she had been raised ; she therefore deferred it till day, when the carrier, his wife said, would carry it over to the post town, at noon, when he returned ; and promised her he should, also, at a convenient time, go over to her father himself ; the distance from whose dwelling, she said, was full

twenty miles. The good woman advised her to repose, and observing her too feverish for the probability of her sleeping, she persuaded her to take a cooling beverage, into which, secretly, she put a slight opiate ; in consequence of which, she did not awake till the afternoon ; during which, the carrier had called, and proceeded again upon his journey. When Violetta awoke she was much distressed at not having written her letter ready for the carrier ; but her hostess composed her, by informing her that she had put her husband in possession of Valentine's address, and he was so far on the road, that, as no post went off till the next day, he would be at her father's as soon as a letter.

Unfortunately the woman had misunderstood Violetta's direction to where her father lived ; and three days after, the carrier returned as wise as he went ; of which he informed Violetta

the next day at noon, which was the sixth from the time she was taken from her father. Her anxiety, as well as her state of fever, was such, the compassionate carrier proposed that his son should go on with the cart, and himself take a horse and proceed to her father's: but this plan could not be put into effect till the next morning; and, through having commissions to effect on the road, he did not arrive in the town till very late that night. The next morning he found the house; but it was shut up, and in the care of a man, who directed him, for information, to where Valentine's late housekeeper lived; from her he received a confirmation of the account Violetta had given him of herself; and also, that it was said Sir Lionel had gone abroad, and supposed that Valentine, who left the house three days before, had followed him. She gave Violetta a splendid character, sent her respects, and with them the honest

creature sent a small box she had found in Violetta's room, after Valentine's departure ; in which were the few jewels she possessed, (*none of them gifts of Sir Lionel,*) and about 100*l.*, which she had saved from the regular allowance, and presents, which her father had made her. This box was a seasonable relief to her, and the better enabled her to support the distressing intelligence the carrier brought her ; for, as she knew not where Mrs. Wagstaff resided, (the relation she was with not having been on terms with Valentine when he took Violetta from her native scenes, and of her mother's relations she knew nothing,) she seemed to herself an isolated being ; but her habitual piety enabled her to become resigned to her fate, and to await the dispensations of Providence. In this extremity she thought of writing to *my* father—but reflecting that her own had told her, (meanly, to induce her to

marry Sir Lionel,) how much her character had been scandalized, and that both my father and myself were in full possession of the reports—her pride, or rather, dignity, revolted at what she deemed would be a degradation, and might, probably, expose her to a rebuff;—how little did she know the hearts she had to deal with!—she resolved, therefore, to remain at the carrier's till she could resolve upon some eligible mode of procedure; he, in the mean time, endeavouring, fruitlessly, to obtain some tidings relative to her father. The cottage was picturesque, and the scenery around it romantic. She lived here about six months (the carrier and his wife being liberally, though not extravagantly, paid for their attention to her,) very comfortably: she had a pretty bed-room, which she decorated herself, as well as her own little parlour; and there was a small garden, of which she undertook the

superintendence, as well as the incipient education of the carrier's two daughters, six and seven years old—in short she was the mistress of the family ; her wishes were commands, and her commands laws. The carrier's son was about her own age ; remarkably honest, remarkably good-tempered, and remarkably ugly ; and, alas ! Cupid—always like Fubbs, playing tricks—shot him through and through the heart—he was downright in love with her ; and, as long as he could, kept his own counsel : but love will “*out*,” equally with *murder* : and *he*, having discovered that *Violetta* and *violet* were something similar, in compliment to her, grew so attached to violets, that he procured all he could, and planted them round the cottage in such abundance, that it was called the *Violet Cottage* by the neighbours. Often would he stand under her chamber-window to listen to her singing ; where he was more

than once complimented with the discharge of a basin of slop out of another window by his mischievous sister, who pretended ignorance of his being there. Whenever he went to the market-town, he came home laden with bough-pots for *Miss*; worked in the garden under her direction, and was observed on such occasions always to put on his Sunday clothes. If she commended a colour as becoming a man he always contrived to wear something of that colour, if it were only a watch-ribbon. If she had praised *yellow stockings* he would probably have procured a pair, if he could; though, poor fellow! he, *mentally* wore *yellow hose* perpetually; for he was jealous of every man who looked at her; and when she walked over to the town, he was sure to follow at a respectful distance, to protect her from insults from the young squires and sportsmen, which her elegant figure was calculated to invite when she was

alone; and on these occasions he was always accompanied by his faithful dog *Bounce*, and a near relation to Fubbs's *switch*, which I heretofore celebrated. Indeed, he had more than once occasion to use the said cudgel, and once was obliged to call in the assistance of *Bounce*; for three *bipedial* Bounces, thinking her unprotected, while going through a lonely field, returning from the town, they took strange freaks into their heads, not observing Joe *Jinks*, who was far aloof; when a cry from her, brought *Bounce* among his brethren, and Joe soon after; when the *gentlemen* were glad to make good their retreat how they could. *Violetta* being terrified, actually lent upon Joe's arm all the way home; and after that, his mother said she believed he had taken leave of his senses, for he never could do any thing right; and in relating any circumstance that required an epoch to calculate from, he always contrived

to *lug* in—"that time when Miss did me the favour to hold my arm." He bought love ballads and sung them, as people often sing songs in company, a different tune to each verse, and none of them belonging to the song. At last he grew bold enough to drop hints: *tried his hand* at something like compliments; and once, when she was crossing a narrow stile near the cottage, and her drapery got entangled in the briers, he not only flew to extricate her, but took her hand to assist her over the stile, and actually, (though *gently for him*,) what the cockneys call *squeeged* it. The only apology that can be made for it is that he was rather *rumfly*, as he called it himself; which meant, what a sailor would call *groggy*, i. e., merrily tipsy. How to notice it she knew not; so thought the best way, upon consideration, was to say nothing, and leave the place as soon as she could, for fear of his growing *more affec-*

tionate,—and it is possible to have too much of a good thing. While considering what she should do, she heard Jinks's wife say that Sir *Everard Evelyn* had a seat in the neighbourhood; and she knew that her mother was a branch of that family; she determined, therefore, to endeavour to interest Lady Evelyn in her favour. Accordingly she dressed herself very neatly, and being directed to the mansion, she presented herself, sent up a respectful note to Lady Evelyn, and requested the honour of being admitted to her presence. Lady Evelyn, who was proud, but good-tempered, admitted her; and, with no little embarrassment, she told Lady Evelyn who she was, and her story; produced her register, which had long been in her possession, and her mother's letters, to prove her identity, and begged her advice what to do. Lady Evelyn said, she bore the family affinity

in her face ; and said also, “ I recollect your mother, and I think she was hardly used. I am sorry to say,” continued she, “ that I hear your father is a ruined man ; all his property has been, or will be, sold ; and if he return from France his fate will be a prison ; for your story has not been a secret. The little money you have left will not support you long, and we have so much to do that, really, I cannot be of the service to you I wish because you have conducted yourself correctly. Every body knows what a scoundrel Sir Lionel Lovel is ; and your father is not the only man he has ruined. Call again in a week, and I will think of something for you.”

With a grateful, yet oppressed, heart, Violetta returned to the cottage ; gave Jinks an intimation that it was probable she should leave them soon, and gave Joe the head-ach, or the tooth-ach—these being the two complaints to one

of which people generally attribute any depression of spirits, the cause of which they do not choose to acknowledge.

In a week she returned to Lady E., who said, if she chose, as her woman was going to be married, and was shortly to leave her, to take instructions from her while she staid, and succeed her when she went, she was very welcome; "but," observed she, "you must mention nothing of your mother belonging to the Evelyn family; and change your name; let me see—we'll call you *Maria*, that's a name one can pronounce pleasantly; and your surname may as well be a common one—*Smith* might do; that will cause no suspicion." Violetta could not help feeling the degradation, and the woman's littleness; but, after what she had heard relative to her father, she saw her precarious state in its full force, accepted the proposal in hopes of being able, through the will of Providence, to

emancipate herself from such a state in time; and taking leave of old Jinks one day, (when Joe was gone with his father's cart,) and making the old couple a present, she bid farewell to the cottage, desiring Jinks to convey her trifling property to Lady Evelyn's the next day; but to bring it himself; and thus she entered the mansion of one of her mother's relatives as Maria Smith!!!—wasn't it odd?

Whether at her departure the violets at the cottage died, to bloom no more, I do not know; or whether, when he returned, Joe, in despair, enlisted for a soldier; but they are certainly *poetical* probabilities, and as such, I mention them.

The real *violet* certainly died away to bloom again in a future spring.

Under the tuition of *Mary Pinner*, Violetta soon made a progress towards proficiency, equally creditable to the skill of the teacher, and the genius of

the *tyro*—indeed before Pinner left she began to be jealous of Maria; for Lady Evelyn was oftener complimented upon her mode of *disposing her drapery* when *Smith* dressed her than when *Pinner* did; consequently, my Lady was very much pleased with her; and people are generally very good-tempered to those with whom they are very much pleased. It must be noted that Sir Everard was not made acquainted with Maria Smith's origin, (which nobody knew but my Lady and Maria,) though he had once or twice remarked how much she was like his sister, *Lady Green*.

She lived here as comfortably as young females of fine feelings, exposed to, and dependant upon, the caprices of their fashionable superiors, (especially in predicaments similar to hers,) are likely to be, some months; when Joe, the darling Joe!

“In love, and pleased with ruin,”

seemed determined to ruin her also—whether, as the Spectator says, for “love or spite,” *this deponent knoweth not*—but he—always talking of Miss Valentine—circulated it about that Lady Evelyn’s maid was a lady of family; (though she had always imposed secrecy upon the cottagers, in regard to the facts relative to her, of which they were possessed; but Joe could not keep the secret—love, as it often does, produced indiscretion)——he said that she could have married a very great man; and that her name was not *Smith*, as people supposed, but *Valentine*. Now this got to Sir Everard’s ears; he asked his lady about it, who then told him the story; and Sir Everard begged her to dismiss the girl, with a present; for that he could not support the idea of poor relations being his servants, any more than he could afford to support them: and therefore Maria was turned over

to Mrs. *Fuzzleton*, Lady Evelyn's dear friend, who gave her *any* reason but the real one, for parting with her,—what it was I don't know, but her Ladyship's recommendation was every thing; and after a few months, having been tortured by the temper of Mrs. F., Violetta was translated from one lady to another, till she went into Mrs. Orton's family. Kathleen acquainted Mrs. James with these circumstances; Mrs. James immediately removed Violetta into the family of her sister, Mrs. *Goodby*, to whom she was a companion, as *Miss Smith*; and Mrs. J. and Kathleen determined to discover the state of my mind, as regarding Violetta; and, if they found it favourable, to effect an interview between us; but the secret remained with themselves till circumstances justified their imparting it to O'Rourke; consequently, the incidents of the *three plates* and the *miniature*,

were contrived by them ; and an emissary had slipped the latter into Artherton's pocket, not five minutes previous to his entering my house, on the day he accidentally produced it—in those days gentlemen wore outside pockets, cut transversely in the skirt, with a flap, like the lid of a salt box, over them ; which, through pulling out and returning the handkerchief, frequently left a chasm open, into which a miniature might easily be dropped without observation.

I am thus minute in particularizing to place the authenticity of these *odd* memoirs beyond a doubt ; otherwise I should, in imitation of some *authors* of remarkable events, and propounders of remarkable theories, advocate that for which I could not account.

What event the miniature brought about, my readers know ; but neither Mrs. James nor Kathleen knew ; con-

sequently Violetta was ignorant of it.—
But I must retrograde, like a crab,
(according to the general notion,) yet
a crab walks *sideways*—isn't it odd?

CHAP. XIII.



WHEN Mrs. Wagstaff left her brother's house she went to the relation Valentine mentioned to me. As between him and Valentine no communication ever took place, and as Mrs. Wagstaff was too much ashamed of her brother's conduct to correspond with him, she became totally ignorant of all that occurred relative to him and Violetta, till Valentine wrote to the said relation, acknowledged his faults, told the melancholy tale of Violetta's wrongs, and his own ruin; and, from a prison, implored assistance, to enable him to pursue the spoiler of his child, punish him, and

recover her; and with the consequence of that application my readers are acquainted. The knowledge Mrs. W. thus obtained availed her not, but clouded her prospects with sorrow. The relation aforesaid died suddenly, during the time Valentine was in France; and as his will had been made previous to his reconciliation with Valentine, neither he nor Violetta were mentioned in it.—*Thus* do the sins of the parents fall on the children!—To Mrs. Wagstaff he left an annuity sufficient to support her comfortably and respectably; who, knowing that *Valentine Hall* had been the seat of some of her ancestors, journeyed to the place where it stood, took a lease of what remained of it, determining to end her days there peacefully; and there, in memory of Violetta and Marmaduke, she planted violets and primroses. She was once tempted by her neighbour, Mrs. *Chatterwell*, (the old

lady with whom Fubbs and I supped) to take a trip to the nearest watering-place, and there she

“Forgather’d wi’ a gossip,”

(as Allan Ramsay says) who knew Mrs. Goodby; and—in short, through this medium, she and her darling Violetta were brought together once more; and—that accounts for Violetta’s being at Valentine Hall, when I met with her——— isn’t it *all* odd?

O’Rourke further told me, that he had examined Royer as to the circumstances of the plot laid by Sir Lionel and him, and that he corroborated Violetta’s account in every tittle, previous to the time when he ran away, after cutting the traces; of which, when he came to himself he repented, and sought Sir Lionel, to reinstate himself in his favour; as he knew how necessary such an one as he was to such an one as the Baronet; and that the old proverb ad-

vised thus, "Trust the *devil* you know, in preference to the one you do *not*:" besides, "Birds of a feather," &c, is another old proverb—that the tale of his life being in Sir L.'s power, was coined. Sir Lionel, he found, (apprehensive, no doubt, of the consequence of his nefarious conduct towards Valentine, when the latter should come to his senses,) had gone on board the vessel, in which he had taken births for himself and suite, that very night; and, the wind serving, the vessel was gone. Royer then went to London, to try his fortune, and there met with Eliza Fox. The quarrel with Sir Lionel when he gave him the certificate of character was true.—Pardon my minuteness; you know my reason.

"Now," concluded O'Rourke, "you know all: my friend Mrs. James has undertaken to explain every thing to Violetta, and I hope to see you happy with her yet. She will be in London

in about a month ; its a long probation, but things must take their natural course ; so go home ; take it *asey*, my child ; we'll bring you through, and then, mind you cut no more of your comical capers."

I went home : Tunzey stared at seeing me so much earlier than he expected ; but, as I met him with a smiling countenance, he imputed my return to no unpleasant circumstance ; he only said, " You're soon tired of the country ; so much the better, it looks like a hankering after business, and that you have more inclination to erect houses upon earth, than castles in the air :— you have come in excellent time, too ; Welford gives a haunch to-morrow— ha-ah !"

Welford, having learned my arrival from O'Rourke, soon joined me ; and related that he had seen and undeceived Valentine relative to his daughter's *supposed* degradation ; that Royer

had procured him a sight of *Fox*, whose likeness to *Violetta* staggered even him for some minutes; but, as he did not look at her with the eyes of an agitated Marmaduke, or a, comparatively, uninterested Welford, his scrutinizing speculation discovered a *difference*.—"God bless me!" said he—"I can hardly believe my own eyes; the only difference in their faces is, my daughter's eyebrows are more arched, and her eyes are rather darker. I don't wonder that Marmaduke was deceived by her arts, as he had seen so little of *Violetta* for the last few years; for their voices are something alike, too." He had been informed where his daughter was, and had left London to join her.

O'Rourke had written to Sir Lionel, (Valentine having informed him where the Baronet was,) entreating of him a faithful account of the plot laid for *Violetta*, with the results; promising, in return, if he (O'Rourke) were satisfied

with his representation, he would endeavour to *soften* Valentine; who had put his affairs into the hands of a very *severe* practitioner of the law, named *Welford*, who had declared that, if Valentine persevered, the Baronet would, in *his* opinion, *hang*. This produced the desired effect, for the Baronet could not pay the debt for which he was confined, so could not escape to France again; and, in a letter O'Rourke received *after* I parted from him, Sir Lionel corroborated every circumstance Violetta and Royer had related, as affecting him. "I have also," continued Welford,—thinking it ridiculous to pronounce Violetta innocent till I had sifted the case thoroughly,—seen the *carrier*, and Valentine's *house-keeper*; and both their accounts reflect upon Violetta nothing but what ought to make her still dearer to Marmaduke; so you see we have not been unmindful of your concerns in your absence, though

part of our inquiries were in progress previous to your leaving London."

He prevented all expressions of gratitude, and repeated Tunzey's invitation to the *haunch* next day: "Tunzey, O'Rourke, Skein, Artherton, and the ladies, will be there," said he, "and I wish Fubbs could join us; we shall drink success to Thursday, and I am determined we'll have a jovial day, and totally disperse the cloud of gloom which has been gathering for some time around us." I promised to participate in the scene of joy and we parted.

In the course of the day *Goldworthy* paid me a visit, and remarked, good-humouredly, that he had learned from O'Rourke that *Artherton* had outwitted us both, in regard to Kathleen; and told me *he* was going to be married to a—Miss Marleville—wasn't it odd?. He had in one of his rambles—for he was romantically inclined as well as myself—met with Miss M., was struck with her per-

son and accomplishments, and discovered that she was of a good family, though in moderate circumstances.—“ I never considered fortune,” said he, “ in selecting a wife—one chooses a coat, a carriage, and a house, to be fashionable—one chooses a wife to be happy.”

To *soften*, or *soften down*—(I must fulfil my promise of explanation)—so, says I, in my Description—

“ In London, to *soften*, or *soften down*, means to — ; but who is ignorant of what it means? Besides, I have explained so often practically since my promise, that I may consider myself as absolved from its performance: yet a further remark or two may be necessary; with a *nice* casuist it means to *twist* terms like wires, to accommodate them to the exact tendency of the *case*, or the *conscience*—there are *nice* casuists in *all* cases—*isn't it odd?*”

The haunch was to be given at the house-warming of a very elegant re-

sidence Tunzey had purchased, fitted up, decorated, and furnished, and settled upon his daughter. In the morning, Tunzey and I went to Welford's office, having professional business with him. Caroline and Mrs. O'Rourke were at the new house ; to which, about an hour previous to dinner, Tunzey, Welford, and I proceeded. Tunzey, previous to our introduction to the ladies, *shewed* the house, descanting upon the merits of the several rooms ; describing the ornaments architecturally ; comparing them, as usual, to different dishes, with *ha-ah* sauce. " But," said he, " I must shew you the picture-gallery, where you will see a very interesting collection of *family portraits*—ha-ah !" and, opening a door, Welford and he pushed me in before them, when I saw—sitting in *starched, picture-like* state—and in two opposite lines—O'Rourke, Skein, Arther-ton, Mesdames Tunzey and O'Rourke,

Caroline, Kathleen, Mrs. *James!* Mrs. *Wagstaff!* *Valentine*, and *Fubbs!*

“*Isn't it odd?*” said Fubbs.

O'Rourke and Fubbs were at the upper extremities of each line; and two small screens (joining in the centre) filled up the space between them. I could readily imagine somebody was concealed behind these, and was prepared for being surprised by a sight of *somebody*—but *not my father and mother*—who came forward to me the moment O'Rourke and Fubbs each drew away the screen next to him. “*Isn't it odd?*” repeated Fubbs. You will not wonder at my astonishment, nor doubt the affectionate meeting that took place between us; notwithstanding which, I confess I had expected to have seen *somebody else*—*was it odd?* and I peered about into every corner to see if there were any more *screens* to draw; but, alas! there were none, to my great *thrillation*—(You'll find the

word in *Fubbs's Dictionary*)—Tunzey, who had left the room after my first surprise, entered, and said, “*The best picture's to come.*” My eyes darted to the door—you guess who I looked for—“The haunch,” said Tunzey, “ha-ah! it's on table; come along; I'll squire Mrs. Merrywhistle;” and he handed my mother out of the room; while I stood like a disappointed fool, and wished the haunch—I won't say where.—I had no appetite. My father followed with Mrs. Tunzey; Skein with Mrs. James; Fubbs with Mrs. Wagstaff; Artherton attended Kathleen; I offered my hand to Caroline, who, *civilly* (I thought,) gave hers, *unsought*, to Valentine. “You and I,” said O'Rourke, “must bring up the rear; but, as age goes before honesty, I shall precede; and he went out, and shut the door after him, leaving me *behind* it. I heard the handle of the folding-doors, which were in the room, gently moved—I started—they were not

closed an instant longer. “Violetta!”—
“Marmaduke!”—were all that was uttered—two fond, constant, hearts fluttered in unison—but not in unison with a confounded *dinner-bell* that Fubbs, the instant I caught Violetta to my bosom, began sounding in the passage. He never played me such a provoking trick in his life—nor did he cease till I had conducted *my angel* to the dining-parlour—he bawling, the moment he saw us descending the stairs. “*Isn’t it odd?*” I will pass over our *entré*, and the dinner; in the first instance, I should only describe blushes and bashfulness; and, in the other—would you, Master *Corydon*, write about haunches and hob-nobs, with the recollection of such a moment on your mind?

“In London,” (said I, in my Description,) “*Fubbism*, or *trickery*, is the general prejudice. *Tricks* are not, as *formerly*, confined to *trade*. Elections are managed by trick; *addresses* by trick; *pa-*

triotism by trick; and *sometimes* trickery is even extended to *religion*!—isn't it odd?

“Shame where is thy blush?”

Tricks are not only practised upon *travellers*, but upon the *natives*—some are tricked into misery, others into happiness.—” One of the latter was I. “And why *tricked* into happiness?” Have I not told you these are the memoirs of *oddities*? “and oddities,” as O'Rourke said, “*have a way of their own*,” and who likes to be put out of his way?

CHAPTER THE LAST.



For the *last* time, I must retrograde.

As Welford had informed me—my *love concerns* had exercised the exertions of my friends before I went into the country, though every thing was kept a profound secret from me. The better to carry on their designs, they stimulated me to leave town—and Fubbs was, by *them*, pitched upon to attend me, for obvious reasons. The day after I was released from my ridiculous engagement with Fox, Royer had waited upon Welford, and confessed the imposition; and Mrs. James, when

she came to town with me, came with the express purpose of acquainting O'Rourke with the story of Violetta; and when Mrs. J. and Kathleen returned into the country, which was on the same day Royer made his confession, O'Rourke put Welford in possession of the information he had received—a council was called, consisting of O'Rourke, Welford, Tunzey, and Fubbs, to debate upon whether, in my then agitated state of mind, they should break the whole to me at once, or prepare my mind for it by degrees; and if the latter mode were adopted, how they should proceed. O'Rourke and Fubbs voted for a *surprise*, after a proper preparation; that I should be taken into the country, while they arranged their plans. As all were humourists, it was determined upon; and, as they were in possession of Mrs. Wagstaff's residence, I was purposely conducted to that place by Fubbs. Mrs. Wagstaff and Violetta

were in the secret, and to the latter Mrs. Wagstaff had explained every thing relative to *Fox*. How it affected her must be imagined. It was intended that I should (to tantalize me) obtain, as by accident, a sight of *Violetta*—but not where we could converse—they supposing that when I saw her, and in respectable company, I should discover something that would create a doubt, or a solicitude, in my mind, that would awaken in it a tendency to other sentiments than those I then entertained; which would the better prepare me for the grand surprise. For this purpose, *Violetta* (lest in my rambles I should meet and recollect her) put on the deep veil she wore that morning, through which I could not distinguish her features; but I approached closely to her; and, when she saw me, her feelings being such as she could not conceal, she was thrown off her guard, and prevented avoiding me; for the next day I was to

have seen her, as pre-concerted. My behaviour to Violetta on that occasion she could account for ; and, therefore, I need not make any further remark on it. Fubbs was surprised when I told him the circumstance, and chagrined, as I have remarked ; and, when he went over to Mrs. Wagstaff, he proposed that she and Violetta should set off to town immediately, to prevent another interview—for their *trick* was too far proceeded in for them to give it up ; and they were determined that the *acmé* should be strengthened by the meeting of the whole family, and all concerned ; consequently, Mrs. W. and Violetta left the Hall immediately ; and Fubbs's story of his reception at the hall was all *fudge* and *floss*, to prevent my going to the Hall ; and Mrs. *Wagstaff's* letter, delivered to me by the girl, was written to prevent an interview, in case I should go there—for they were both in the house when I received it.

The *cart* trick was arranged with Mrs. *Chatterwell*, to amuse and keep me from committing extravagancies, which must have tended further to derange the plot; Fubbs rightly conjecturing that my state of confusion would be a sufficient preservative against my seeing through the shallow artifice—and that accounted for a contrivance so clumsily contrived *going off* so uninterruptedly. Fubbs left the place two hours after me; my parents had been acquainted with every circumstance by Welford, whose friendship in the affair I have premised, and they, always anxious that I should marry *Violetta*, now that her innocence was indubitably established—hurried up to the general rendezvous in London.

On the *Thursday*—O'Rourke's birthday—the generous Irishman said to me, "This day, my boy, instead of a *bridesman*, you'll be a *bride*, as Terence would say." Poor Terence! On that day my dear *Violetta* became mine; and while I

saluted Mrs. *Artherton*, her husband saluted Mrs. Merrywhistle. It couldn't *be odd*, for there were *two pairs*.

I believe no reader carries curiosity beyond an epoch like this; and nothing more remains to say, except, that law-suits, instituted against Sir Lionel and some usurers, recovered sufficient property to set Valentine up once more in an eligible farm in the neighbourhood of Valentine Hall, where, after repairing it, he resided with his sister.

What became of Sir Lionel is of no consequence.

Goldworthy married Miss Marleville; and I have never heard that either repented.

I have already remarked how happily Welford and Caroline lived—nor did that bliss decrease, while their family increased. Artherton and Kathleen were as happy as rational affection, virtue, and good sense, could make them; and Terence and Judy had the pleasure of

nursing the children of “ Katty the darling.”

The *elder* branches of our circle of friendship were rich, good-humoured, and *good*—need I say *they* were happy?

It may be expected that I set up a splendid equipage for Violetta, and hung her all round with jewels—but that would be like the conclusion of a novel.

We married for love, and sought for happiness. I was rich enough for independence, was partner in a lucrative profession, and my father's fortune, which was genteel, would be mine, after he and my mother paid that debt, which I fervently prayed it might be *long* ere it were exacted. Not one of the parties have died since—and my *father* has become a perfect *ancient*.

My Violetta, a fortune in herself, deserved a coronet; but obtained what she preferred, competence and bliss. We never troubled our heads about the

Evelyns; though Lady E. was obliged to solicit *Maria Smith* to entreat me to give a vote, for some property I possessed in the county for which Sir Evelyn had long been member, when his reelection was vigorously contested. I voted for him, and refused his invitation to dinner.

Fubbs—the ancient Fubbs—actually married Mrs. James, and left off his school; but never left off his tricks nor rum-toddy.

Isn't it odd?

“ In London,” (said I, in my Description,) “ nothing is odd.”

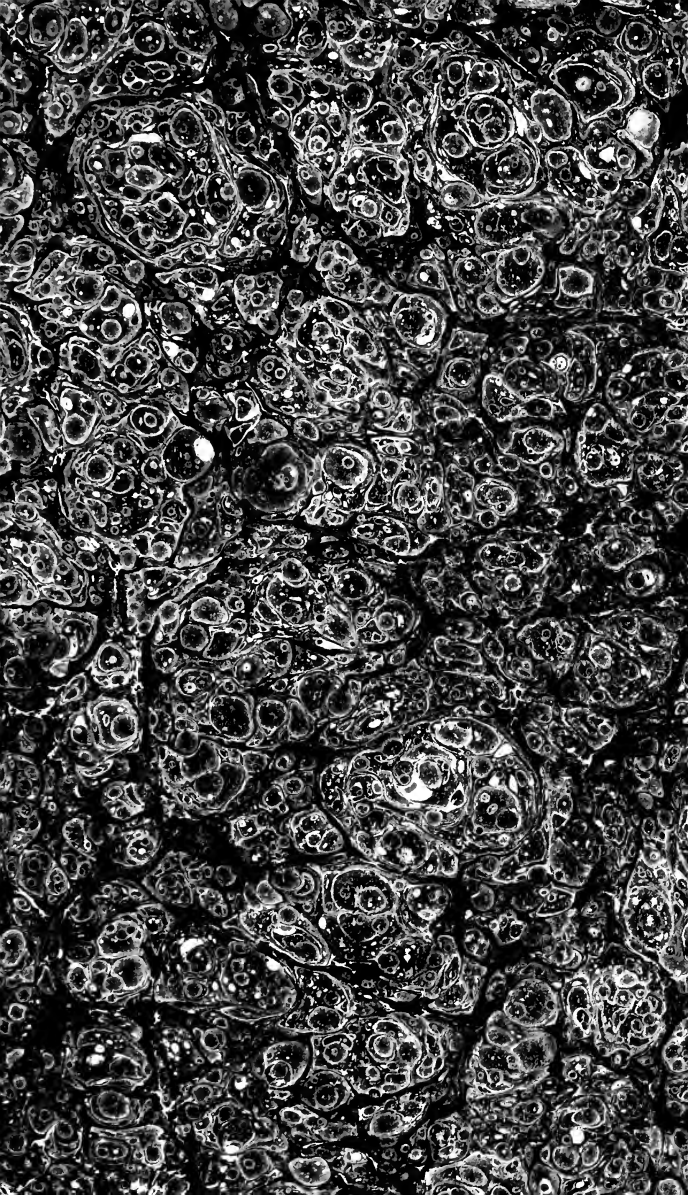
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